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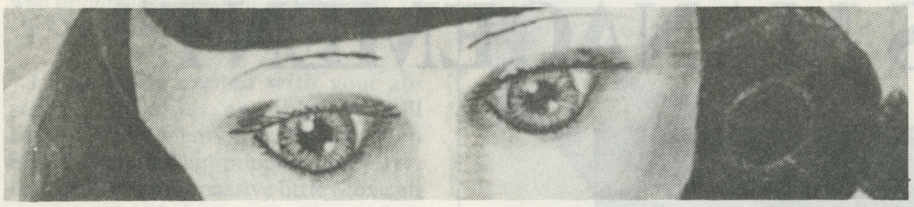

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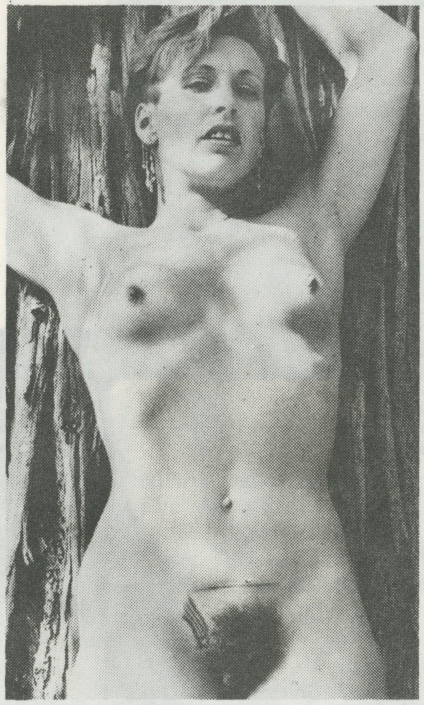

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SEXUAL ENTERTAINMENT FOR THE ADVENTUROUS LESBIAN

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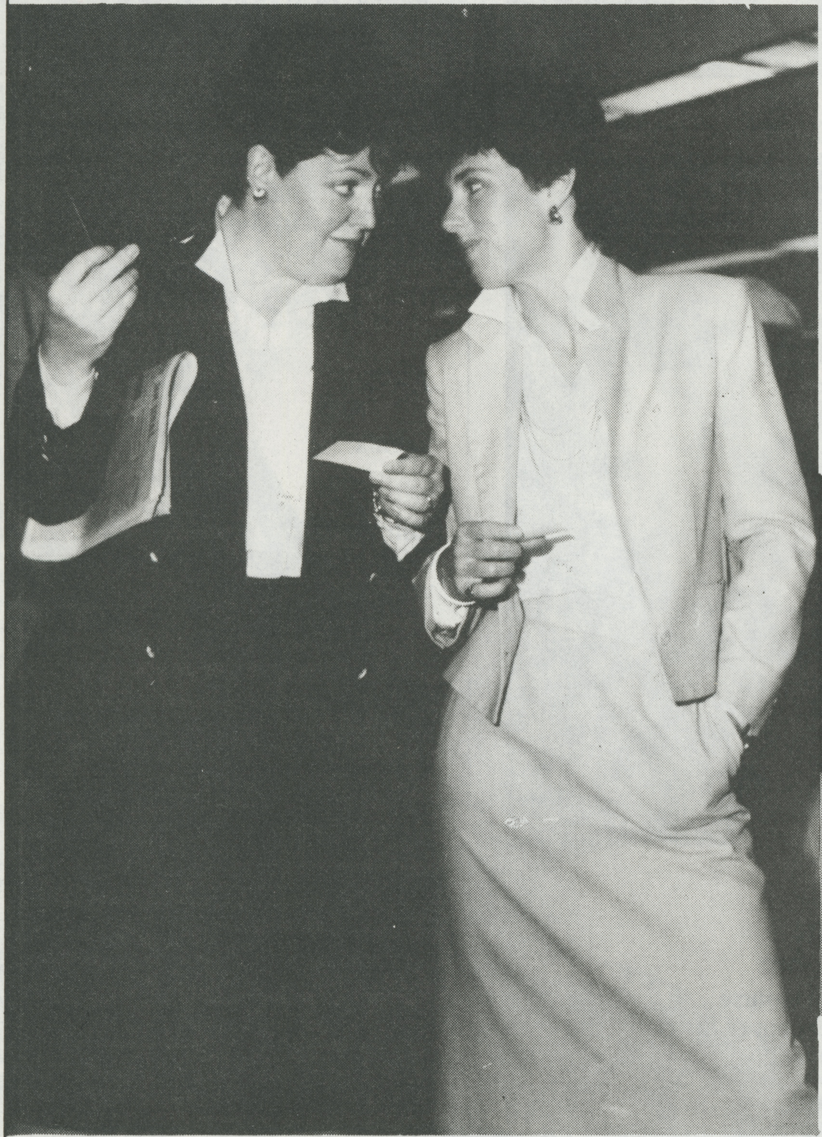

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LETTERS LOVE/LUST/LONGING

We received this urgent request from a woman who apparently saw some hot publicity for On Our Backs:

I was really excited with your absolutely gorgeous examples of Bull Dykes! When mention was made of an S/M theme, I all but popped my cherry. I am an extremely passive little Mexican women, 4′ 10″, 96 lbs., and long black hair and brown eyes. I absolutely adore brutal-looking lesbian dykes! I had never seen any really convincing photos to enjoy until now! Where can I get this absolutely outstanding magazine? If I can't surrender myself to the real thing, the next best is to look at pictures and have wet dreams. Let me know—I am **dying** to see your magazine.

Ruth
Los Angeles

Sweet dreams, Ruth!

All I can say is, "What the Hell Took You So Long?" I have just purchased the Spring '85 Issue. Who are these two lovely women on the cover? I'm in love, and I can't begin to tell you what I want to do with them. I've been told how good my mouth is and would like to put it to the test with these two beauties. Please give me more, more, more pictures of Cassie and Raven, nude if possible.

Christine
New Jersey

H.L. Cottrell

Sean Reynolds

I've enjoyed the issues of *On Our Backs* that I've seen. Really like the photography of Sean Reynolds and Tee Corrine. However, I could live without the centerfold of Rock and Roll Ramona in the Spring Issue. Thanks for all your energy and hard work.

Barbara
Richmond, Virginia

More fiction/poetry and fewer photographs! In the photo dept., however, my lover and I especially liked Honey Lee's "Fetishes" photos in your Winter '85 Issue. What **was** the centerfold in the middle? Was that a peach between her legs?

One last request: more pictures of Butch women!

Jennifer
Massachusetts

No, a Nectarine, Jennifer.

So glad that *On Our Backs* could attend the recent "Women in Print" conference in San Francisco (a feminist conference for women in the publishing trade). It's so good to connect with articulate, intelligent women. This W.I.P. conference felt so much better for me even though there is still an enormous amount of conflict/rigidity in many feminist minds (and bodies) about sex. Too many perceptions about how women "should" feel, think, act, etc.

I know that your workshops on erotica were very tense, and I hope this will not discourage *OOB*'s participation in future conferences. What is controversial one year can become the fashion one or two years hence. Keep on challenging people's perceptions—it will prove worthwhile.

Arleen
Philadelphia

I know you hear this over and over, but I am so grateful we have your magazine. It's about time dykes had something completely appropriate to masturbate over.

Valerie
Nevada

Dear *OOB* Sleazies—Just finished reading and drooling over your Summer '85 Issue. You all just keep getting better. The photos are excellent and the story "Homage To A Fantasy Slave" is incredibly hot; so much packed into such a small space.

Being an Aries top, I hate waiting, but the arrival of your mag is one of the very few things I will put up with waiting for.

I want to lavish praise on Susie Sexpert. How I love the way she writes! Such great humor, I just howl over it, and yet it's so informative and clear as well. Some day I hope to meet her and suck that finger

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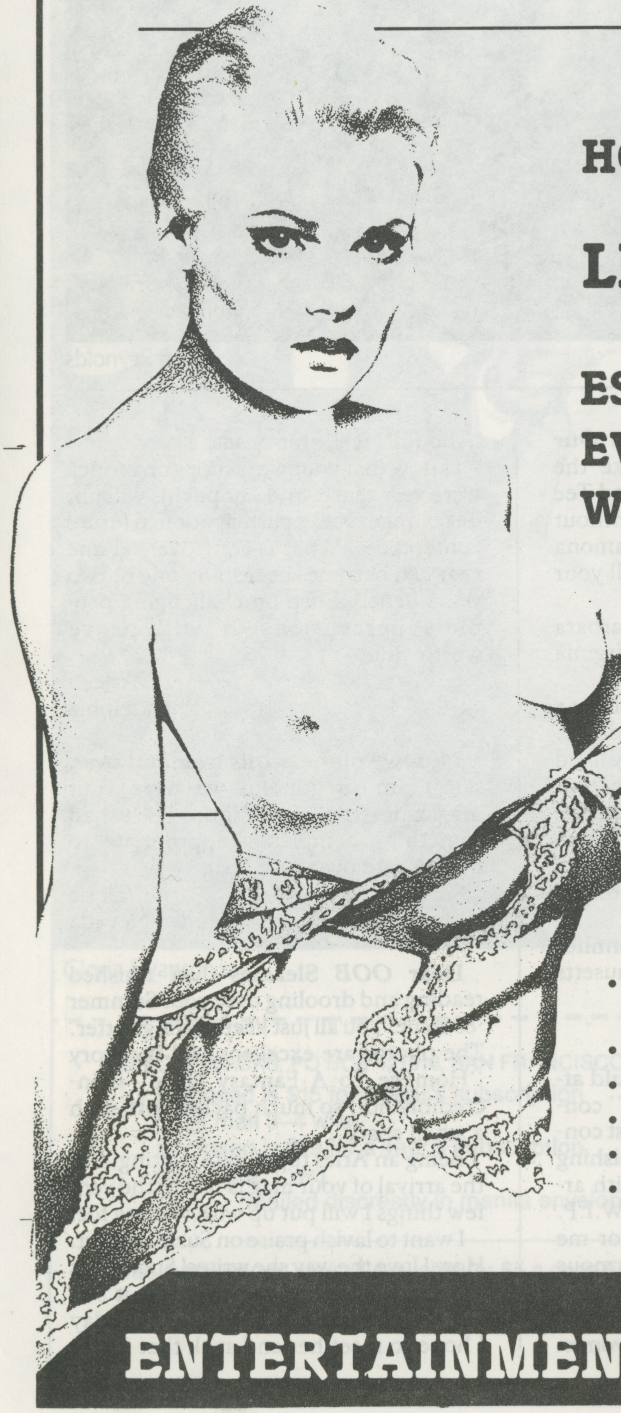

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Lee
Seattle

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The Smoothsayer
Cal City

ON OUR BACKS

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I am writing to praise the growth and literary content of *OOB* since its inception a year ago. This latest issue is simply the most satisfying lesbian magazine graphically, professionally, I've perhaps ever seen. Not everything in it appeals to me, but there is enough of a balance that I read it with pleasure and look forward to the next issue. I am so glad you've had the courage and vision to do it, and to keep doing it despite criticism.

In this Summer '85 Issue I want to particularly praise Honey Lee Cottrell for her magnificent portfolio. The work, talent, the expertise in every photograph is obvious. I'd love to see a poster of many of these, especially page 23. She's captured an intimacy and erotic connection between lesbians that shows a real sensitivity to and understanding of us. And I thank the models for allowing themselves to be photographed.

We lesbians deserve our own magazines and you deserve our praise.

Lee Lynch

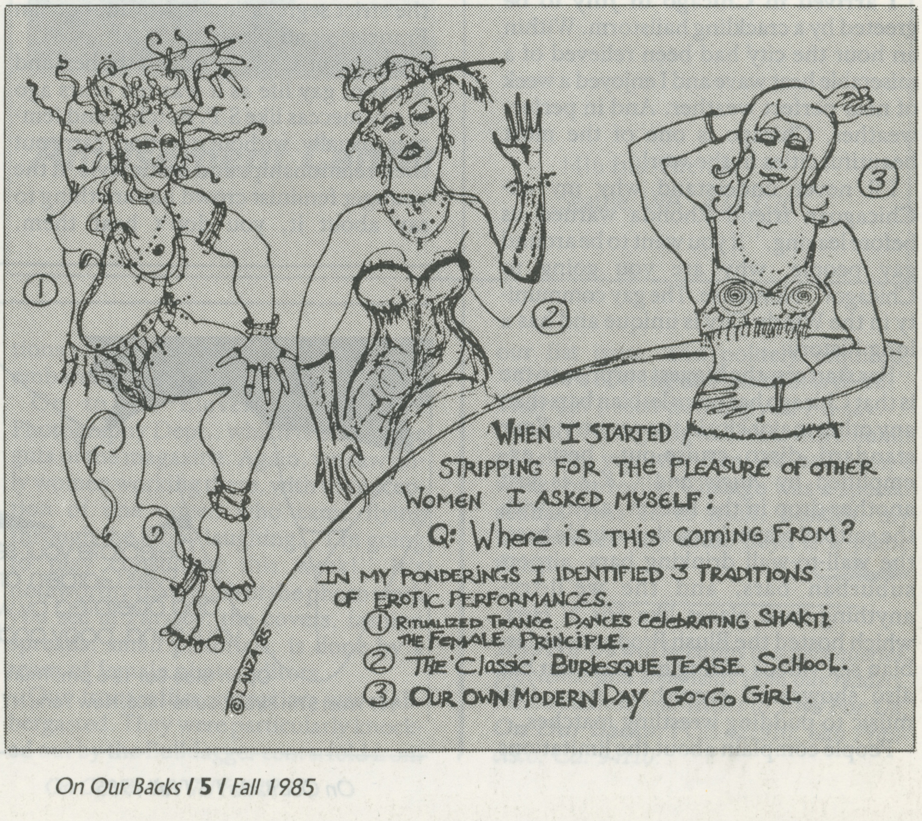
Lee Lynch is one of our writing contributors. Her story "Marie Christine" appears in this issue. Thanks for your rewarding and touching letter, Lee.

Shari Cohen

Must have the "I'd Rather Be Buttfucking" button you mentioned in your *Toys For Us* column in the First Anniversary issue of *On Our Backs*. Great magazine! How about some photos of tattooed lesbians, or lesbian tattoo artists? You could start with Tattoo Blue, the stripper who does lesbian burlesque Tuesday nights in San Francisco. Thanks.

Chris
Berkeley, Ca.

Tattoo Blue has a big fan club! Look for a knock-out pictorial of her in one of our upcoming issues.


①
②
③
WHEN I STARTED STRIPPING FOR THE PLEASURE OF OTHER WOMEN I ASKED MYSELF:
Q: Where is THIS COMING FROM?
IN MY PONDERINGS I IDENTIFIED 3 TRADITIONS OF EROTIC PERFORMANCES.
① RITUALIZED TRANCE DANCES CELEBRATING SHAKTI THE FEMALE PRINCIPLE.
② THE 'Classic' BURLESQUE TEASE SCHOOL.
③ OUR OWN MODERN DAY GO-GO GIRL.
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H.L. Cottrell

Boss City

Susie Bright

Susie Sexpert Reports:

I arrived in Chicago in July to be greeted by a crackling hailstorm. Within an hour the city had been relieved of a miserable heat wave and I enjoyed a week of near perfect weather. And in perfect weather, Chicago is one of the most beautiful cities in the world.

I'll never understand why my ex-Chicagoan friend Rhonda warned us before leaving, "If you want to be around gay people, why are you going to Chicago?" Nonsense. The gay community in the Windy City is unique and has a long history.

For starters, the biggest surprise to me is that Chicago has more lesbian bars than any other major city in the country. Your standard disco cruise-out, best exemplified by *Augie and C.K.'s* is just another drop in the bucket, along with the softball player bars, the wrinkle bars, the wall-to-wall drinking bars, airport suburban bars, and the we'll-try-anything-once places like *His N Hers*, which hosted the Blush Productions lesbian sex videos during my stay, but has also showcased everything from folk music to pudding wrestling matches.

People complain about the limitations of bar social life, but for a newcomer like me, the whole town seemed bursting with ready-made places to meet women of every description. There's also a sizeable culture of men and women mixing together, which was so refreshing after the strict segregationist attitudes of San Francisco and New York.

In general, Chicago reflects the best and worst of gay life as it was ten years ago in gay meccas like S.F. Butches and femmes casually, without question, carry out their relationships and erotic style. If the younger feminist crowd has anything to say about it, you don't hear them, because they are extremely isolated. You either have your Women's Studies diploma or you don't give a shit.

The same old-style gay life that is so loose for butch/femme is extremely closeted for the S/M community. The night we showed the sex videos at *His N Hers* bar, friends kept coming up to me, whispering, "There are now eight S/M women here"—but how could you tell? No leather, not a pinch of it. If you're an S/M dyke, you keep your lip buttoned about it, and live through your fantasies until maybe one day you'll meet another lone woman who feels the same as you. People won't even wear contemporary leather as **fashion** for fear that their reputation will be ruined.

The big exception is the suburban women . . . What a mystique they have! Apparently these wild suburb lezzies have fuckerware parties, freely dress up in lingerie and studs, and even the butches wear dresses. Since I stayed strictly in the gay ghetto for my entire visit, I'm afraid I can't report a first-hand experience, but the rumors sure were titillating.

Chicago women were forthright and upfront. They'd tell me their opinion to my face, and I didn't dare take it personally. If they didn't like the sex flicks, then they loved my legs. If they loved the magazine, they told me exactly what models and stories were their favorites.

Boss City is also fortunate to have the *Machine Shop*, a gay-run authentic dirty book store that advertises and carries an Erotica section for lesbians. Ira Jones runs this establishment, a wonderful fellow and Mattachine Society founder, who sincerely wants to find out what makes us gals happy, and then deliver the goods. He can't keep the lesbian sex videos on the shelf, and he even has custom dildos made in less-than-gargantuan sizes for

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those smaller size coozies.

Another must-see on your Chicago tour is the *Baton Club*, justly notorious as the best drag show performing in the country. The performers are simply outstanding, and the audience is an eye-opener all to themselves.

What you get is a thoroughly professional cabaret, with the kind of female impersonation that will make you realize what an utterly sexual novelty gender really is. When Chili Pepper, a crowd favorite, sulks, smokes, and writhes her way through a Millie Jackson torch song rocker, I was ready to get down on my hands and knees and suck off every member of the audience. The lady just brings out the true slut in every soul.

Tips come fast and furious, but it's curious who does the tipping. It's a very mixed crowd, straight/gay; black/white. For the female impersonators, the tipping queue forms up with fags, butch dykes, and straight black women (and me). But then they have these two "masculine" stripper/dancers, à la Chippendales, who of course are also gay, but perform a heterosexual romance. The straight women, black and white, line up for a mile to swoon and tip these fellas. "What happens if a man approaches them with a tip?" I asked one of my old timer companions. "He'd be completely ignored," was the fast reply. Now that's something I could see changed.

Another pointed question: Why is there no female drag? Is Marlene Dietrich the **only** one who could ever pull it off? There's been a couple of attempts to do lesbian drag shows, but I have yet to see a male impersonator who looked like she would know what to do with a cock if she had one. There's been no sense of the absolute gender-fuck that the drag queens so masterfully bring to their act. Prove me wrong, please!

Number two, are lesbian audiences ready for their own drag shows? We've only had a couple of real butch strippers at the San Francisco lesbian Burlezque, and at first, only a few brave femmes would approach the stage to show their appreciation. Are lesbians **afraid** to show and admire their masculine selves? I'm afraid I'm going to have to sissy-bait all you pussies out there until I see some results. When are we going to learn to enjoy the sexuality of gender instead of being terrorized by it?

I couldn't say goodbye to Chicago without visiting the national headquarters of *Playboy*. *On Our Backs* photographer Honey Lee Cottrell and I marched into their downtown skyscraper at 4:30 P.M. on a Friday, confident that the world of *Playboy* needed to know who we were.

First stop, Editorial Dept. What a joke. The secretaries and editorial assistants we talked to revealed that they don't even look or deal with the fleshly, sexual portions of their magazine. In fact, they're embarrassed about it.

On to the Eleventh Floor, the Photography Dept., which is clearly the guts of the magazine. Again, we saw only women working there, with the exception of one queen who came flying through the lobby laughing, "I'm going to play consultant this week!" It's noteworthy that much of the photo work you see in *Playboy*, the covers, fashion spreads, small pictorials, is done by a team of female photo editors.

Our front office reception was flabbergasted. They were particularly knocked out by the Bulldagger centerfold from our fist issue, and politely inquired, "There's nothing else like this, is there?" They ain't seen nothing yet, I'd say.

Gosh, I was going to devote this column to telling you why Ben Wa balls don't work, but really, Chicago was a special sexual treat all to itself. Besides, my favorite sex toy these days is a plane ticket.

***Toys For Us** will be happy to accept queries, problems, and comments from our readers. Please address your letters to **Toys For Us, On Our Backs**, POB 421916, San Francisco, Ca. 94110.*

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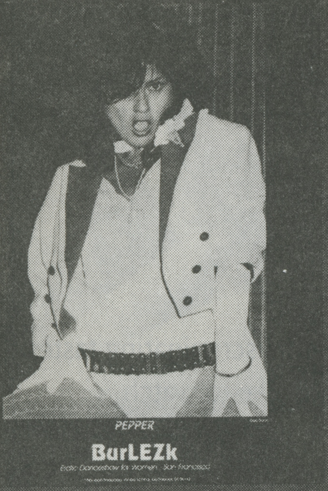
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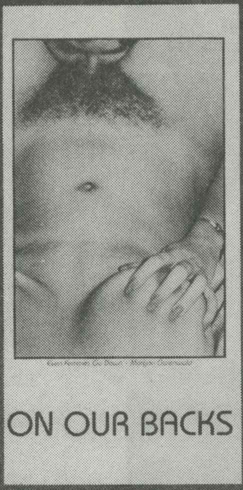
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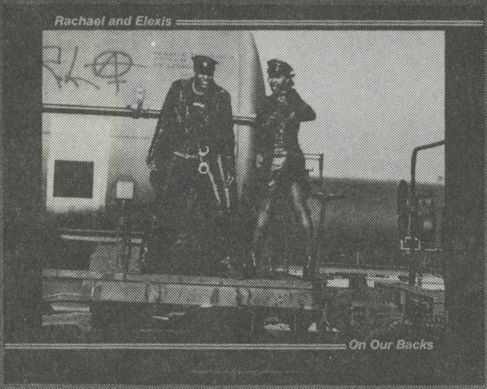
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On Our Backs

1. Rachael and Alexis

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6. Dildo Dynamo
7. Lusty Lesbian
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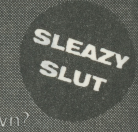
9. I love S/M
10. In the sack with On Our Backs
11. Tired Bossy Femme
12. Arrogant Butch
13. Strip!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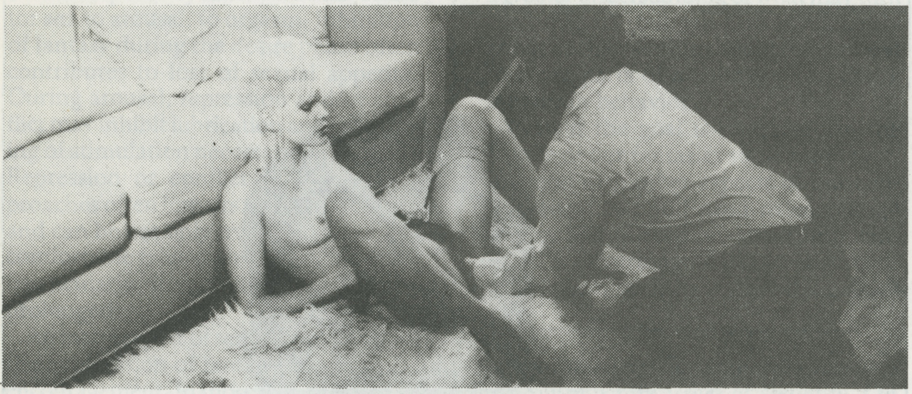


Fatale Films/Smokers

Maxine Kincora

"I like to fist fuck." Then she made that face: quickly raised eyebrows, flashing blue eyes, crooked grin, the effect being devilish.

Uh, huh. Well, it's been fun. Thanks ever so much. Give me a call, we'll get together. Maybe next lifetime.

I resisted the urge to cut and run. I laughed, hoping I didn't sound hysterical. We finished making the bed we had just fucked in.

That was our first time. She'd pursued me for a couple of months. It was that devilish grin that convinced me that neither of our girlfriends mattered if we really wanted to see one another.

So we had each other for lunch that first afternoon of our affair, leaving the plastic containers of deli food untouched. She was aggressive, passionate, rough. She hurt me. She did things I didn't usually like to have done. She scared me.

I took her back to her job and spent the rest of the afternoon in a daze, trying to recover. When my girlfriend came home from work I explained that I didn't think I wanted to make love to this madwoman again. I was sore. I was bruised.

I was intrigued. I was haunted. I was hooked. The next few days found me fantasizing about that madwoman, about her thrusting into me, and lifting me off the bed to suck my nipples hard. I was constantly wet, constantly wanting her.

As casually as I could I mentioned to my girlfriend that I had a date with the fiend and would probably stay the night with her. I had no answer for her when she expressed surprise over my change of heart. I didn't think she wanted to hear that just maybe I wanted to learn to fist fuck, that maybe I liked it rough.

No, dear. I don't want to make love to her again. I want to fuck her. Hard.

She picked me up and we drove straight to her house. I met her roommates briefly, and we went straight to her room. We undressed and went straight for each other.

In an instant I was wet. Her touch made my skin tingle and burn. She used her lips and teeth to cover me with bruising kisses. As she smothered my cunt with moist kisses, sucking and licking, she thrust several fingers into my cunt and fucked me deep and hard.

I came harder than I had ever in all my years of sex. I lay in a sweaty daze, loving the feeling. She announced that she wanted me to fist fuck her now.

Hoping to appear suave and cover my confusion, I went down on her. I penetrated her with three fingers. She moaned and bucked and demanded that I do it harder, faster, deeper. Her contractions squeezed my fingers hard when she came.

She lay gasping only a couple of minutes before she pulled a tube of lubricant from under the pillow.

"I still want you to fist fuck me."

Now? Hey, no problem. Do it all the time.

She took my hand and held it palm up. She squeezed a great cold glob of lubricant into my palm and closed my fingers around it. As I knelt between her legs working the lubricant around my fingers, she lay back and gave me that sultry, sexy, heavy-lidded "do it" look I was just getting to know. It hit me that I was either falling in love or was losing my good sense. I would do anything fo her, even this anatomically impossible act.

I touched her clit first with my slick fingers, sliding easily down her slit and slipping the tips of my fingers into her. She raised her hips off the bed to meet my fingers and force me deeper. We formed a rhythm of me thrusting deep when she lifted and curled her hips upward.

I had four fingers inside her, but what to do with the thumb? She began to squirm a little.

"Please, baby, please. Come on, do it."

She reached down and grabbed my wrist, and by pushing my hand and thrusting her hips my whole hand slid inside. My fingers curled around my thumb into a ball. I held my breath.

Oh, my God. Yes, folks, my whole hand is inside this woman. Please, don't make me have to explain this to paramedics.

"Now move inside me. That's right. Slow. Easy. Oh, yeah, baby, that's it."

I began to breathe again when I realized from her reactions that this really must feel good to her. I realized that it felt good to me to be enfolded by her twat. We formed a rhythm again of thrusting. Again she whispered for harder, faster, deeper.

I took her clit between my lips because I'd grown too excited not to have her in my mouth. My tongue caught the course of our motions. Her contractions came in waves, creating a cycle of their own. She came so hard it hurt my hand.

As she lay panting, I was faced with a new dilemna. My hand was held so tight I felt sure I'd never get it out. I felt sure I was becoming attached to her, but I didn't want to be quite this attached.

She solved the problem by pushing from inside, down on my fist. With just a little pull my hand came free. She suggested I wash the lubricant off my face and hand.

As we snuggled up to sleep I was feeling a little proud. The last of the red hot lovers, I'd been able to pull off this incredibly powerful act and satisfy this woman.

"Mmm, baby, you fucked me so good. I can hardly wait to fist fuck you now."

You what? You think you're going to do that to me? Only bound and gagged and on very expensive drugs. Hmmm. Say, what's the next night you're free?

The Fantasy Taboo

Jill Bender

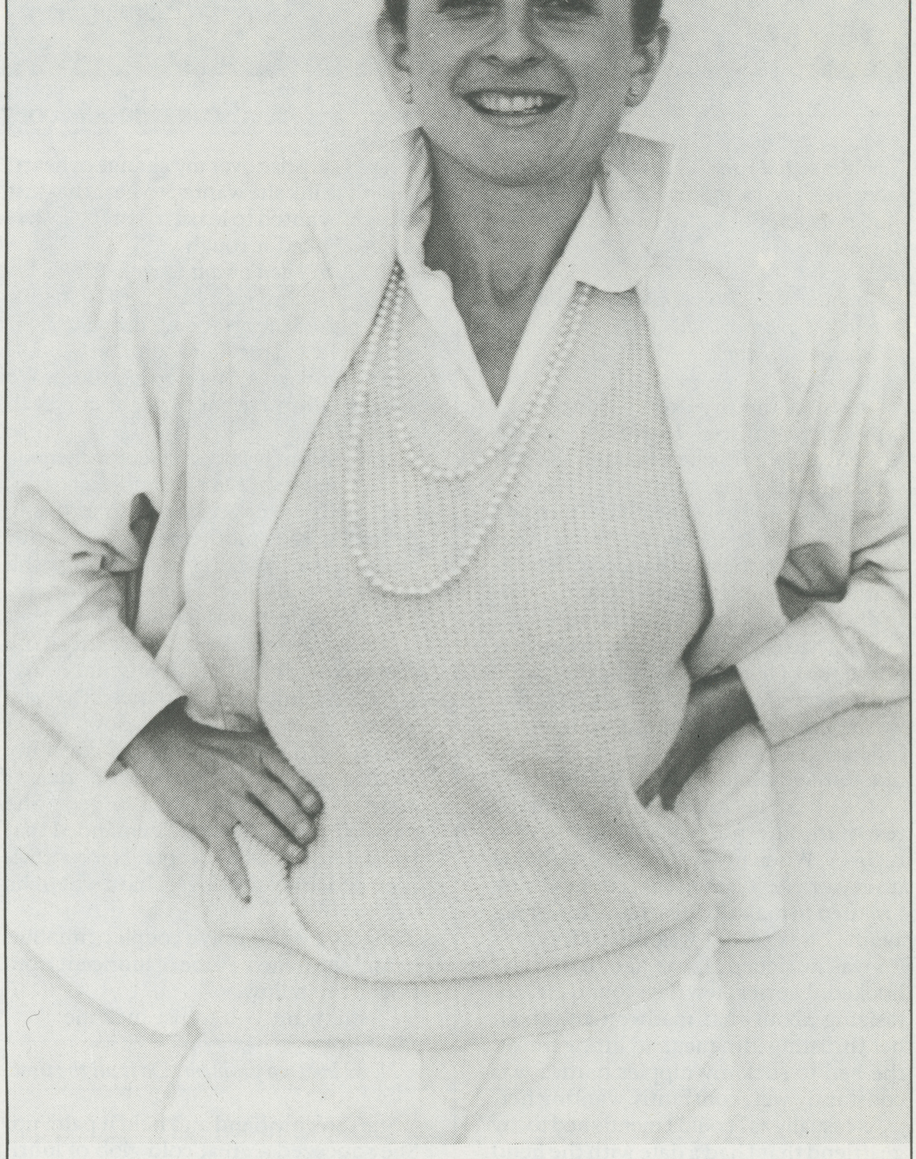
Over the past year, I have become increasingly concerned with the attempt of certain feminists to limit or censor the expression of our fantasies in the media, particularly because of the ramifications I fear it will have on our sexual behavior.

As a young girl, my fantasy life was rich and on the whole quite pleasureable. However, it was the stimulating, confusing, and at times frightening fantasies associated with sexual behavior that were ultimately the most revealing and instructive. In fact, it was this urge to understand these fantasies and their relationship to sexual behavior that provided the impetus for my entry into the sex field as a therapist.

Sexual fantasy and sexual behavior evolve through life in response to many visions and attitudes. Only at certain times may fantasy represent repressed or conflicted desire as psychoanalytic theory would have us believe. Sexual fantasy and sexual behavior also, as sex researcher Alfred Kinsey showed, fall on a continuum from exclusively heterosexual to exclusively homosexual, and each may occupy different places on the scale. Needless to say, very few of us, regardless of how we define our sexual orientation, fall into the exclusively heterosexual or exclusively homosexual category in regard to behavior and even less in regard to fantasy. Although those feminists who seek to expurgate or censor the portrayal of certain fantasies in the media draw a direct line between fantasy and behavior, clearly there is none. As Amber Hollibaugh writes in ''Desire for the Future,''

> ''It is a bitter irony to me that I was in my mid-thirties before someone explained to me that I was not what I dreamed, that fantasies had a reality of their own and did not necessarily lead anywhere but back to themselves. I had never understood that I might be deeply fascinated by an idea but not enjoy it at all if I actually tried it, that fantasy could give me a way to picture different aspects of my own growing sexual consciousness (or explore my lover's) without going any further. It would also allow me a freedom unhindered by the limits of my body or the boundaries of my conscience.'' (*Pleasure and Danger*, ed. Carol Vance, Routledge and Kegan Paul, Boston, 1984)

Even in choosing to enact certain fantasies or parts of fantasies, what we previously imagined and what we experience often differs.



H.L. Cottrell

Jill Bender, Sex educator and counselor

For those lesbians troubled by fantasies of having sex with men, rape, or S/M, to name just a few of the more controversial ones, the foregoing information is important for several reasons.

Repression and/or conflict about a particular fantasy can inhibit sexual responsiveness at a number of points during the sexual response cycle, from initial desire for sex to arousal, to orgasm. Inhibition of fantasy during the desire phase often contributes to loss of sexual appetite. During arousal, repression and/or conflict may inhibit lubrication and the seeking of stimulation necessary for orgasm. Repression or conflict as orgasm approaches often impairs orgasmic release, and can be not only frustrating, but uncomfortable from a physical standpoint (particularly if stimulation has been prolonged).

An integral part of sex therapy involves the exploration of fantasy and often its encouragement. In those instances where there has been repeated experiences of arousal to the point of orgasm with no orgasmic release, fantasy, no matter how "unacceptable" it has been to the client, is strongly encouraged and often, by providing a highly stimulating distraction, allows the orgasmic reflex to occur. Encouraging the sharing of fantasies between partners, not only contributes to a greater understanding of what may turn the other on, but can also significantly enhance their sex life should they choose to enact parts of a fantasy or an entire fantasy in behavior.

Even if the goal is to transform the nature of our fantasies to be more sympathetic with other aspects of our consciousness, we still need to encourage facing, and if need be, struggling with what is disturbing. Without such contemplation, nothing is gained.

***Sexpoint** is a regular feature which explores the contemporary issues of sexuality.* ***On Our Backs** welcomes your views.*

Barbie Painter

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B

SEXTRACTS

Arlington, TX–Do people who hate and crusade against pornography really get off on it unconsciously, or in private? What about erotica enthusiasts? Aren't most of them selfish pleasure-philes who could give a damn about other people's feelings and reactions?

Two researchers at the Univ. of Texas, Dr. Yuen and Dr. Ickes, decided to research these stereotypes by testing a group of 72 'prudes' and 72 'pornographiles'. Each subject reviewed a series of non-violent erotic slides, with varying degrees of explicitness and sexual diversity. Some of the viewers looked at the pictures by themselves, and some subjects were placed together with another person who either felt the same way as they did, *or* just the opposite.

The results? Predictably, the "prudes" found the pictures more pornographic than the porno fans did, even though they spent the same amount of time looking at them. However, when the prudish viewer was polled with a companion, their ambivalance became more pronounced. When their companion was also anti-porn, they scarcely looked at the slides and marked them with the highest pornographic ratings. But, if they were paired with a pro-porn individual, the "prudes" concluded that the pictures weren't so nasty after all, and in fact, were worth gazing at a bit longer.

True to their reputation, the porno devotees could care less what their viewing partner thought of the designated erotica. They typically found the slides to be arousing rather than anxiety-producing.

The researchers are not prepared to speculate whether the differences they found are a matter of personality, sexual anxiety, or knowledge and experience with various forms of erotica. But from the *Sextracts Dept.*, we would tend to lean toward the latter. For women in particular, it takes so much gumption to even look at sexual imagery, that by the time we've decided it's good for us, there's no turning back to traditional feminine puritanism.

Norma A. Austin

Brooklyn, N.Y.–*We're-Always-the-Last-to-Know Dept:* Andrea Dworkin, leading anti-porn activist and veteran of the radical feminist movement, is suing *Hustler* magazine for $150 million dollars for–get this–depicting Ms. Dworkin as a *lesbian*. Not so, claims Andrea, in an intimate August interview with Judy Klemesrud of the *New York Times*. In fact, she and her partner, John Stoltenberg, are celebrating their eleventh anniversary together. John is prominent in his own right among gay and political circles as a tireless anti-porn writer who reveals that he "could really do without gender" altogether.

Dworkin herself seems surprised by who she ended up sharing her life with. "I never thought I could live with a man again, ever, although a palm reader told me I would," she explains.

Like so many couples, their biggest struggle at home is over housework. In what seems to us to be a marvelous erotic twist, Stoltenberg confides that, "If I wash a dish and it's not clean enough, she puts it in a place for me to do it over." Kinky!

Dworkin has published five books which are basic bibles for fundamentalist feminism. Each one's title and content is as salacious and shocking as the very porn that she attacks. Her forthcoming volume is appropriately titled *Intercourse.* The lesbian community, which until recently has been her biggest supporters, was obviously missing the clues about Dworkin's fascination with heterosexuality. Who are her new base of support?

"More and more right-wing women are coming to hear me speak," she testifies. "They keep reading in the papers that they're on our side, and I'm having the most interesting conversations I've ever had in my life with them."

"...when Jerry Falwell starts saying there's real harm in pornography, then that is valuable to me."

You're darn tootin' it is, Andrea. Thanks for coming out of the closet.

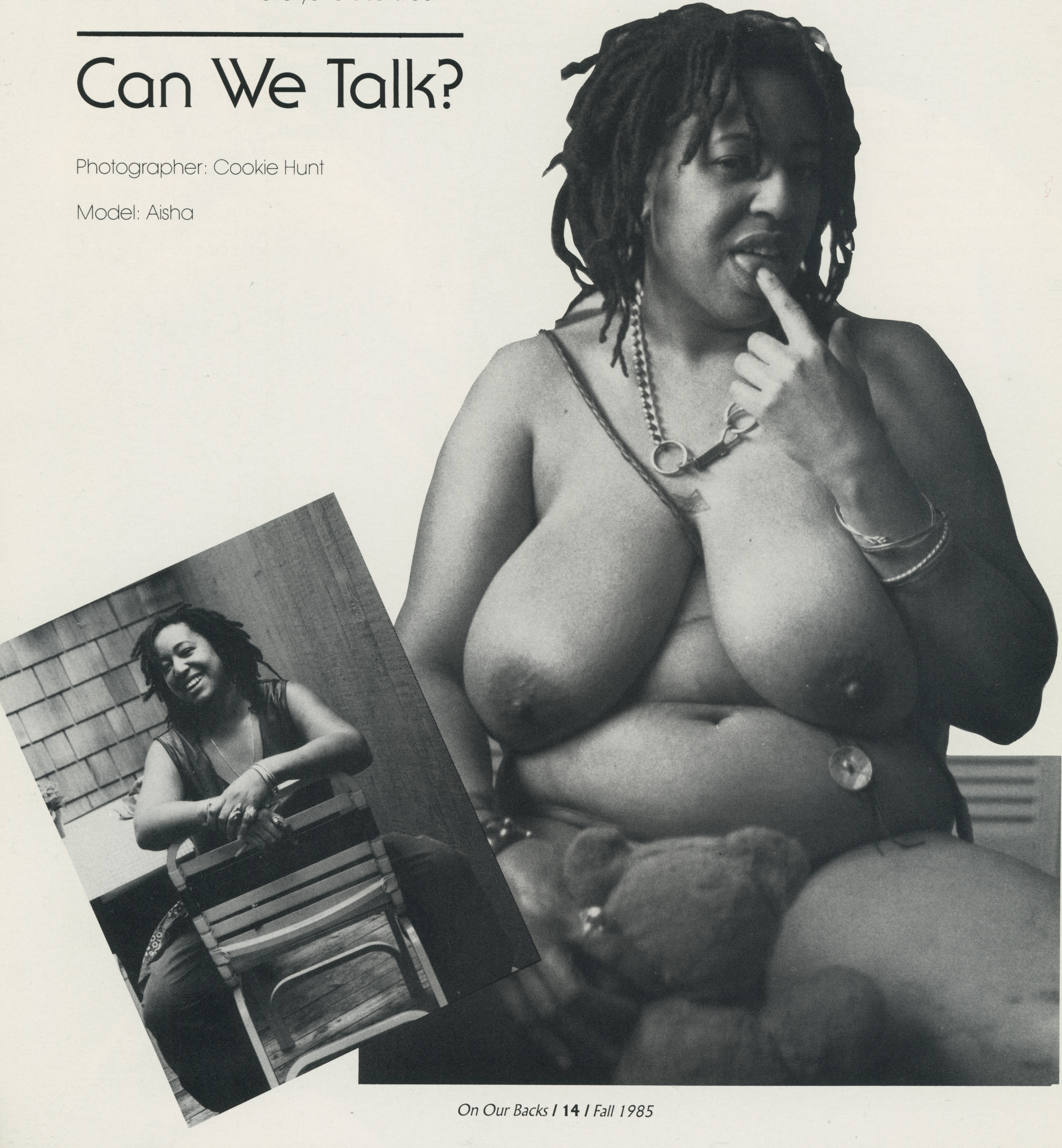
EROTIC IN NATURE

I have one girlfriend and one "wife in law". The three of us like to spend time together, but late at night when we're apart, we like to make sleazy phone calls back and forth until everyone is satisfied.

Can We Talk?

Photographer: Cookie Hunt

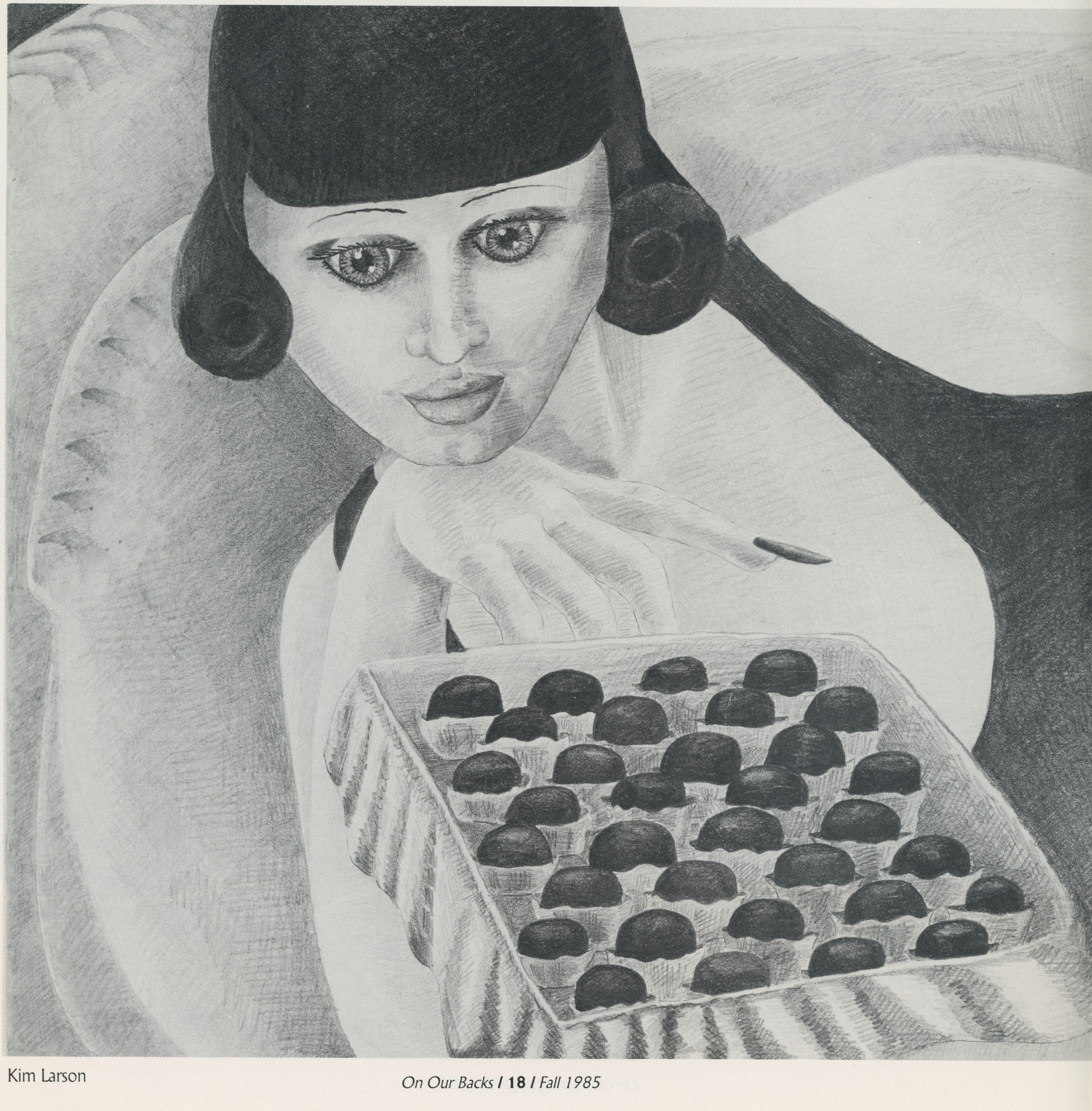
Model: Aisha



Sweet Dreams
Aisha

The Main Course

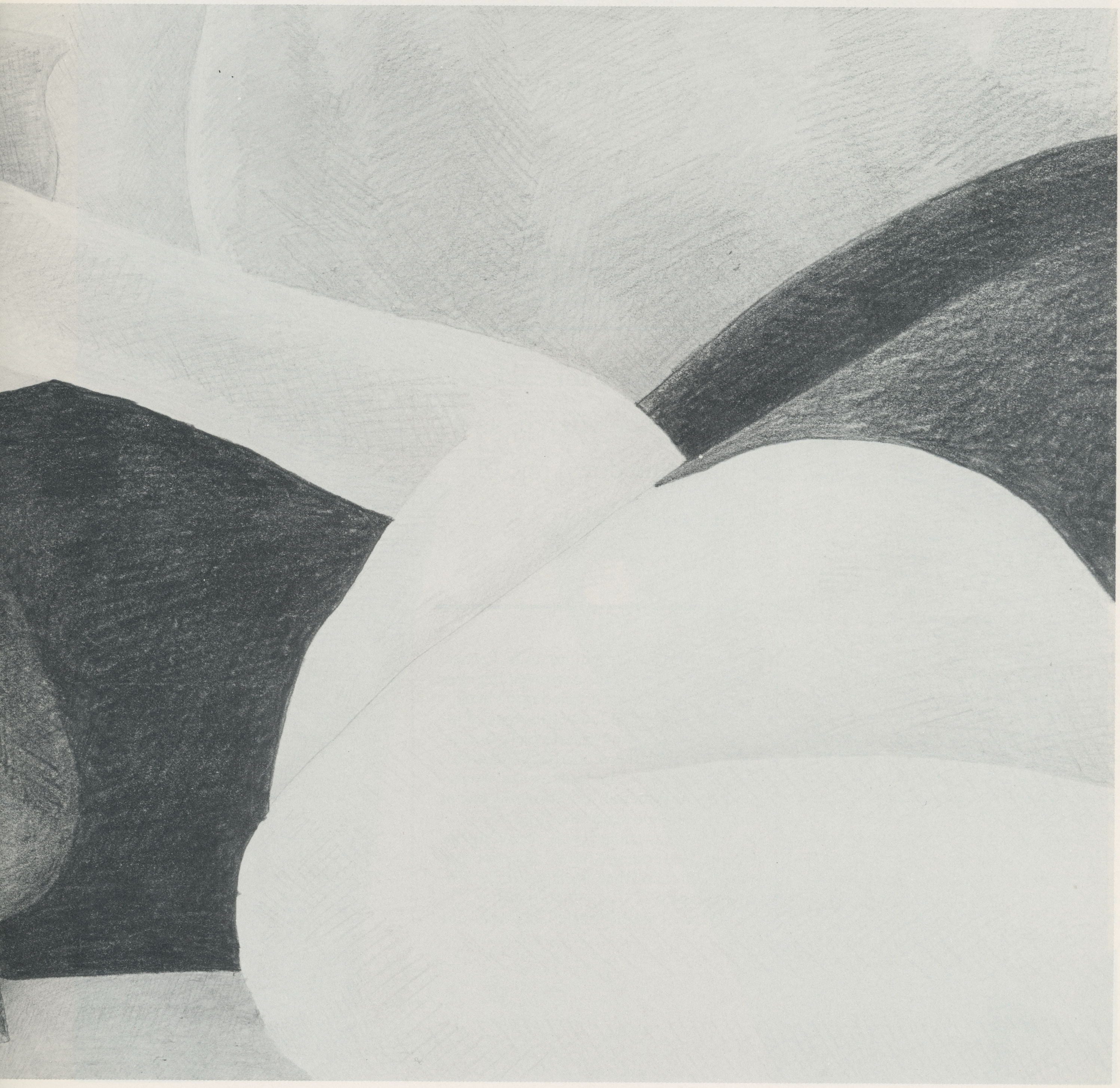
by Iowa Rae Lowenstein



Kim Larson

Amy was beginning to suspect that she was thinking about food all the time to avoid thinking about going to bed with a woman. Her mind

Continued on p. 42



Marie Christine

by Lee Lynch

Hints of warmth in the early spring air just tantalized Marie-Christine. What she wanted, though, was enough heat to raise a sweat, enough flowers to seduce her with scent, enough sun to flood her world with light.

She stood outside the Oscar Wilde Memorial Bookshop wishing for excitement and determined to find it. She could still almost taste winter in the air, but the shop's yellow light fell through a window as if to warm her tall figure. Her frizzy blonde hair was encircled by a red silken scarf. Gold earrings flashed every time she moved her head. Her body looked lovingly wrapped in a mauve woolen cape, and her black baggy pants were stylishly tucked into high mahogany boots. She looked just the way she wanted tonight: like a lesbian gypsy.

Inside, overheated and restless, she wandered from the dirty male cards to the lesbian novels. A light-haired butchy woman in a tweed cap stood studying a book called *A Woman's Touch*. Marie-Christine frankly looked her over. She wasn't too big for her taste, nor too small, and all the while she read, she lightly rocked, slightly swayed in her light-blue, paint-stained coveralls and flight jacket. Marie-Christine liked her rhythm.

"Does it tickle?" asked Marie-Christine.

The woman looked up. Her eyes matched the blue of her coveralls. "The book?"

Ah-ha! said Marie-Christine to herself. *That* kind of humor.

"The collar," she replied in kind, running her hand across it, lightly, touching the woman's neck with her fingertips.

> "I'm looking for excitement," she offered, as if throwing down one of her fushia gloves to the floor.

The woman didn't quite smile. Rather, she cocked her head, narrowed her eyes appraisingly, and dimpled one cheek.

Marie-Christine knew the signs of interest. Inside, she began to feel a fluttering. She did smile, stood back and nodded approval. "I'm looking for excitement," she offered, as if throwing one of her fuchsia gloves to the floor.

The woman smiled back, removing her cap and extending a hand. "I'm not sure I've been called that. Mostly, I'm just Annie Heaphy."

"What," asked Marie-Christine, not releasing Annie's hand, "is it you do for excitement?"

Annie shrugged—charmingly, thought Marie-Christine. "Schopenhauer at the moment," said Annie.

"New York offers no other distractions?"

"Getting a degree in philosophy is a hobby of mine," Annie Heaphy explained. "I've been at it several years now. It may take the rest of my life. I like to savor the philosophers."

"Could I interest you in savoring them while I watch? Or is it something you'd only do alone?"

The hind of shyness in Annie Heaphy's manner had not prepared Marie-Christine for her directness. "The Duchess first, or straight to my place?"

Still, it only took Marie-Christine a moment to respond tauntingly, "Are there philosophers at the Duchess?"

Annie dimpled the cheek, narrowed those eyes and turned from Marie-Christine to pay for *A Woman's Touch*.

As they walked toward the East Side she told Annie, "You're quite Irish."

"I seem to get more so as I get older. 'Til I was thirty I was a typical half-Scandinavian blonde." They passed through the dark streets where tiny art shops separated warehouses. The sounds and fumes of cars grew distant. "And you," said Annie, "you have an accent."

Continued on p.44

Morgan Gwenwald

RAIN BEAU

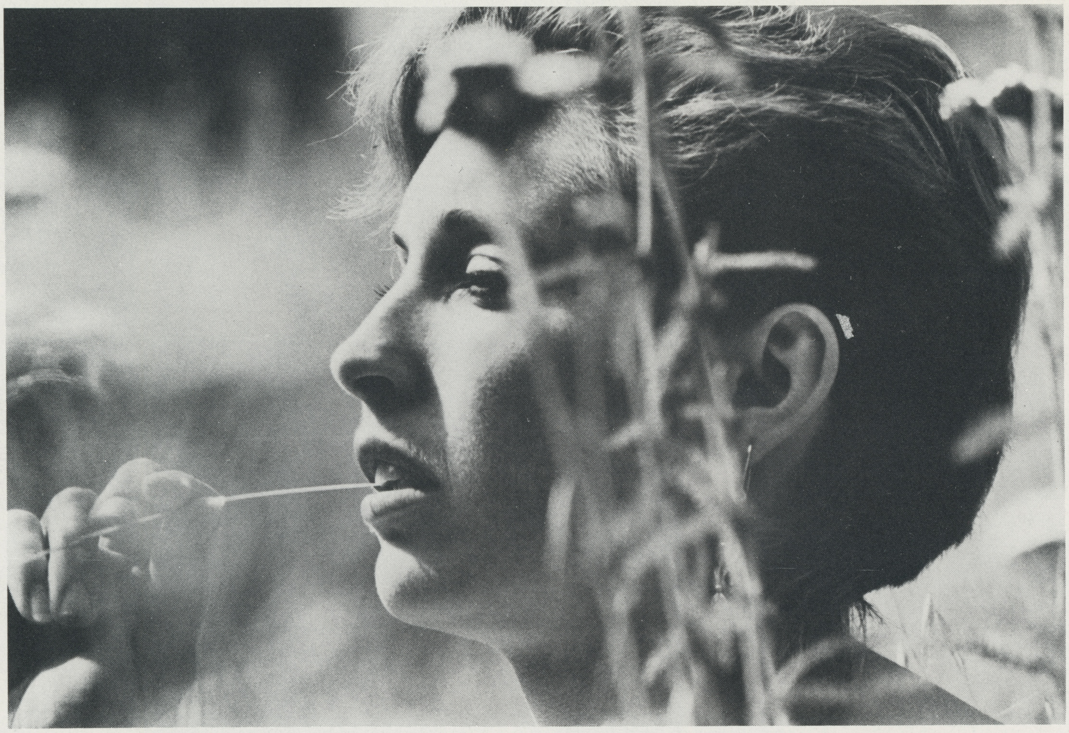
Interview by Megan Boler

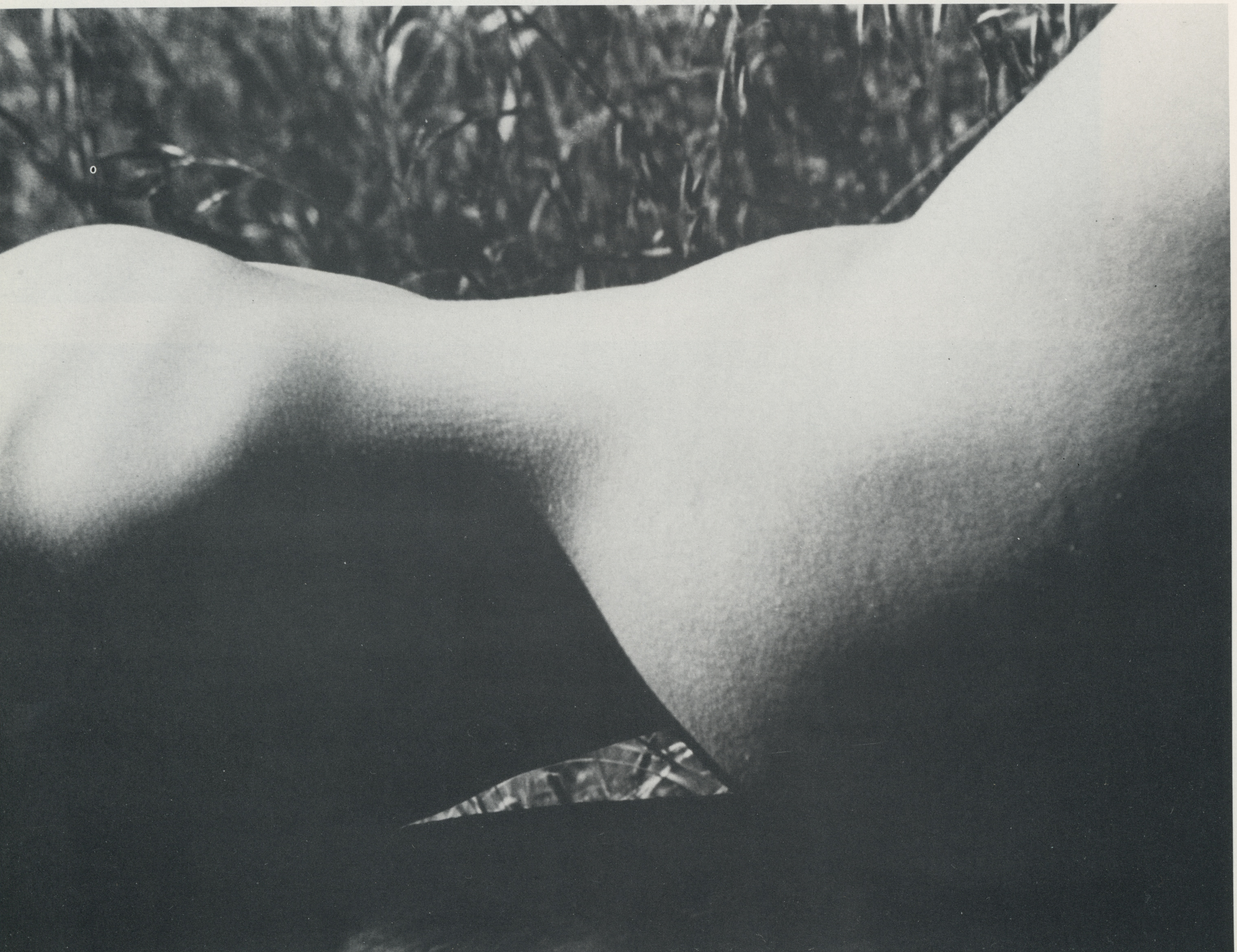
Photos by Lavender Splendid

I was raised in Manchester, MA, a small wealthy town of 5,000 in a beautiful beachside setting. My family lived about a mile into the woods, which was a playground for a whole gang of kids I grew up with.

Being so small, the town was also very gossipy, and our family was the black sheep of the town. We were Californians and Democrats raised in a eastern

Continued on page 38





CRYBABY

BY f.

I smell my fingertips while I tiptoe up the stairs to your studio. I won't let you know I'm here for a minute. My fingers are still nice and stinky since I kept one hand in me all the way riding over here on the crowded streetcar. I figured nobody would worry about me shifting and squirming on my seat since they could hardly keep their own balance in the terrible rough ride.

My hair as completely turned white and wispy since last winter so I look old and frailer now. One passenger decided I was so pitiful-looking, he'd stood up so I could sit. I took full advantage of the sharp turns and abrupt stops and starts to sway in my seat and stick myself deeper and deeper and deeper.

I figured if I wanted to masturbate it was no one else's beeswax. Besides, I had a newspaper in my lap for cover so I wasn't exposed all that indecently. The headline announced ''Would-Be Thief Shot and Killed With Own Gun''. From across the aisle one ratty old bitch with a shower cap over the curlers on her head glimpsed my hand under the newspaper. She knew what I was doing. She glared at me and hissed something to the schoolboy sitting next to her. Then she clucked her tongue loudly, ''Tsk'', against the roof of her mouth to say shame on me.

When I reached your stop I said to her, ''Here, lady, you can have my newspaper now.'' I pushed through to the door, stepped out, and held the door open for the little schoolboy. He got off here too and said to me, ''Thank you, Sir.'' I snorted at him through my flailed nostrils and paced once around the block before I started to climb upstairs to you.

. . . So here I am in your stairwell.

When I smell my fingers at my nose, I want to lick off that incomparable tasty juice and savor it myself, but on the other hand I'm tempted to save it to smear under your nose. I come up with an easy solution. I give in and slurp my fingers greedily. Then on the landing below your door I straddle the banister. I squeeze the rail between my buttocks, my cheeks gripping the wood, pressing into my tight ass. I lean back and quickly stick my pointer finger inside my cunt. I circle the shaft of my cocky slit 'til there is plenty more creamy juice for both of us. Yes, indeed I can share it. I climb off the banister, finish mounting the stairs, collect some of my breath, and knock-knock at your door.

The door opens just a crack and all I can see is just one of your little gleaming eyes.

I whisper stupidly, ''It's me.''

You let me in and feel between my legs.

You whisper, ''Where's your dick?''

I push my reeking hand into your face. All I want is to wipe it on your blouse which looks like fine silk; green and gray like my eyes. But I let you grab my fingers between your pearly teeth.

''Bite harder,'' I say. ''I don't have arthritis in that hand yet.'' You bit harder and lick 'til there is almost nothing left to taste. I have my own teeth clenched like yours.

I mutter, ''I'll tell you where's my dick. It's up my butt. I've had it held in place there with the cock ring for ages.''

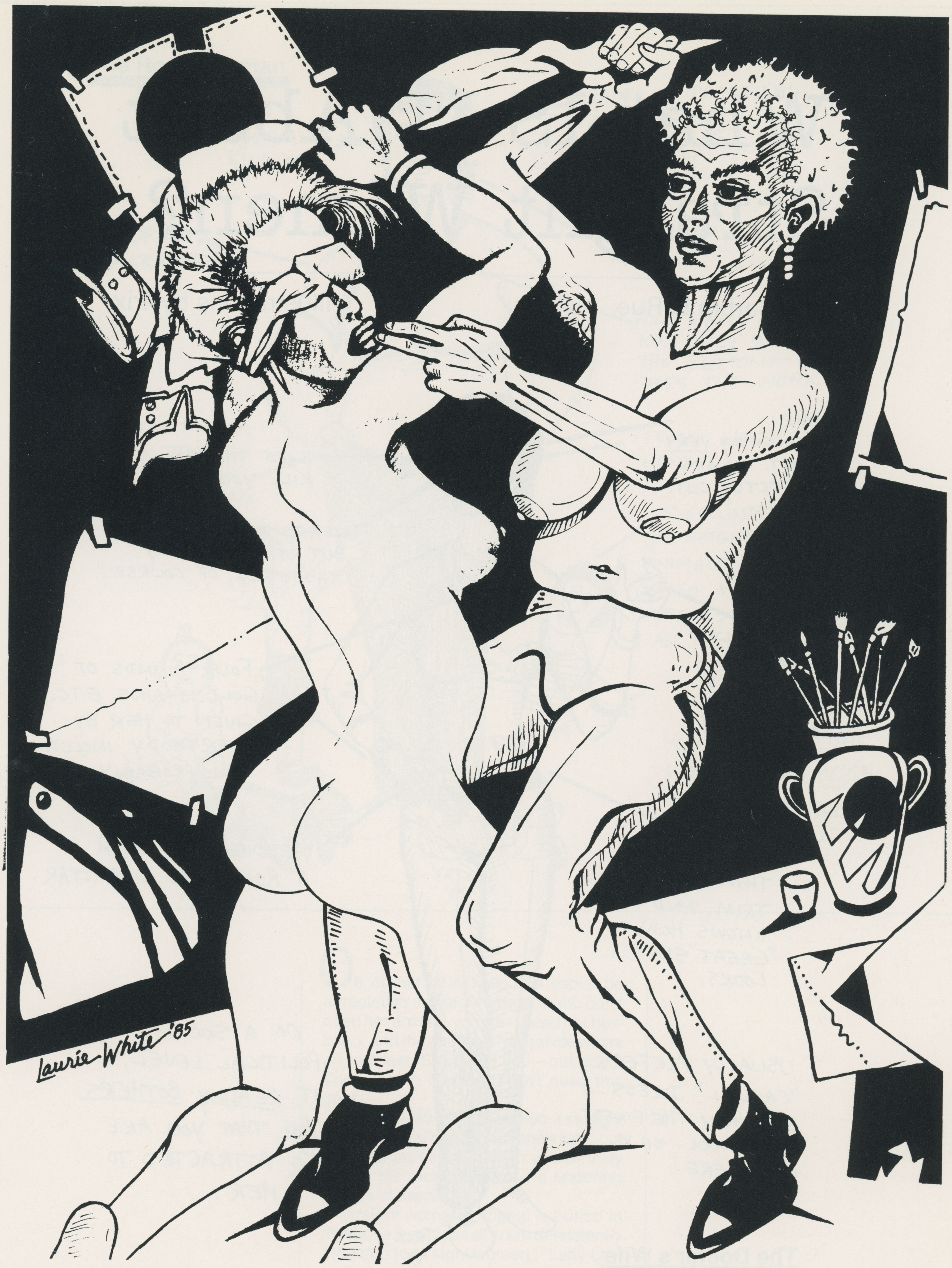
You raise up your eyebrows to tray to change the subject. For a terrible moment I don't know if you are going to fight me.

You say, ''Look at the walls now. My painting—this is everything I've been doing since last winter. I want you more than anything.'' You can barely say that last sentence out loud. You say almost inaudibly, ''I'd love to paint you.''

''No,'' I declare, ''Over my dead corpus. I am nobody's fucking muse. Your paintings are goyishe. Your pictures are sacraments. I am nobody's image to be veiled or revealed.''

With that, I snatch the knife off your easel and cut the beautiful silken blouse off you and tie it for a blindfold upon your eyes. I rip out my fat little dick and rape you out of your wits. I make you kneel impaled, raising up and down on my dick. You ride it like a bronco buster 'til your heart-beat is so loud you can hardly hear yourself groaning. Inside your cunt is burning. You are pleading with me not to move, so I move abruptly, jerk it out of you, and shove it into your mouth to make you shut the fuck up. I watch your lips pull along and suck my dick. It's so hard now that I make it spill empty inside your mouth. You just about gag.

I pull you higher onto your knees, press your back against the wall and push your palms against a drawing you'd tacked up. I make sure your blouse is still tight enough for a blindfold and let myself come three and a half times while I am eating you. My mouth and nose are so far into you I could smother. You don't notice anything but my tongue which never loses track but never lets you come. To make you finally start coming, now that I am ready, I press the fingers of my left hand tight like a corset on your belly and I pinch your tit with the fingers of my other hand. Once I start this you can't stop your orgasm so I scratch and torment and stretch you along 'til it finally comes up and out, into your voice at last. Nothing else. Your tears are dried now, but you can't even grasp a crayon let alone paint a picture of me in a million years.


Laurie White '85

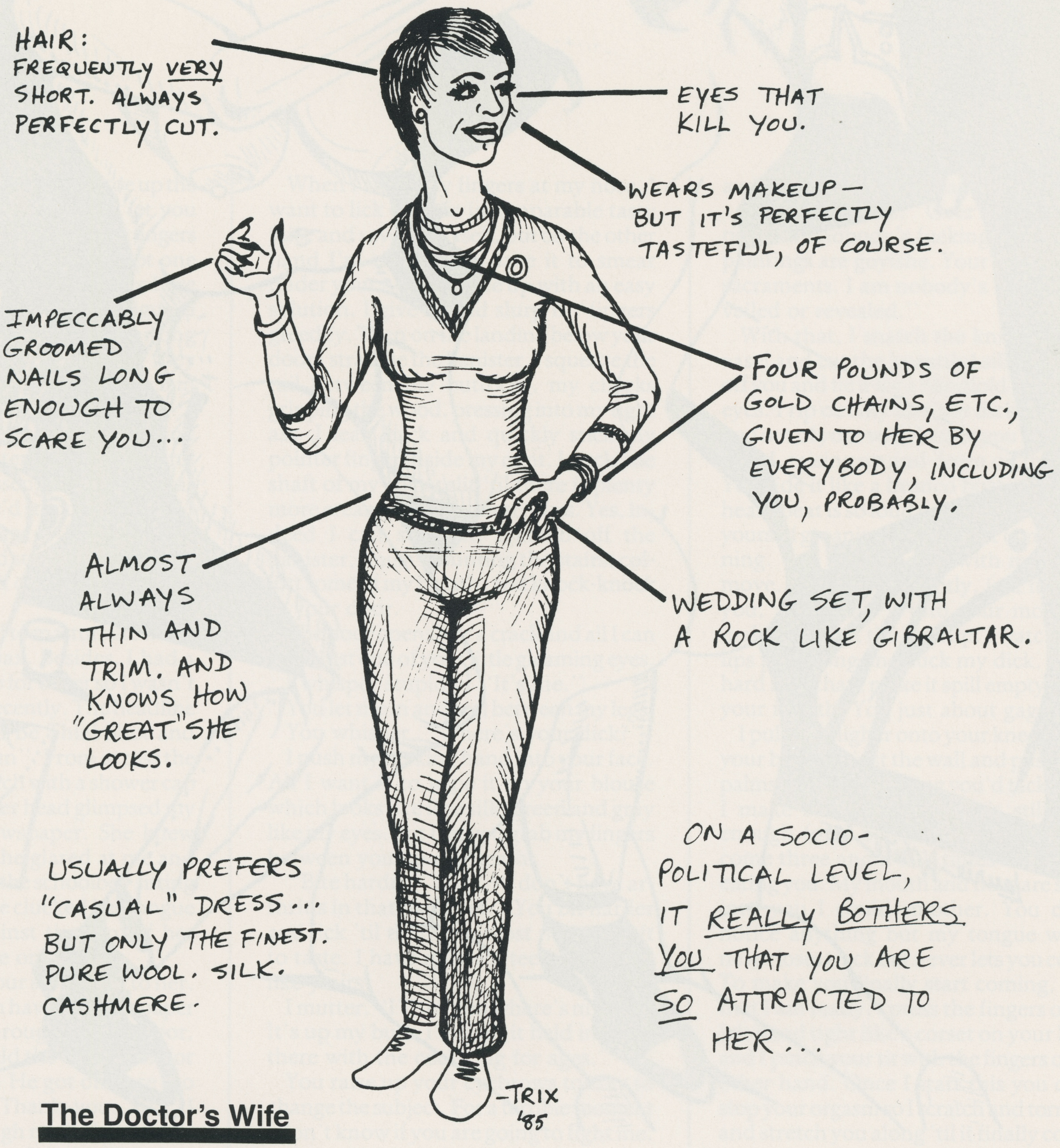
Laurie White

"Bite harder," I say, "I don't have arthritis in that hand yet."

What IS IT About Straight Women?

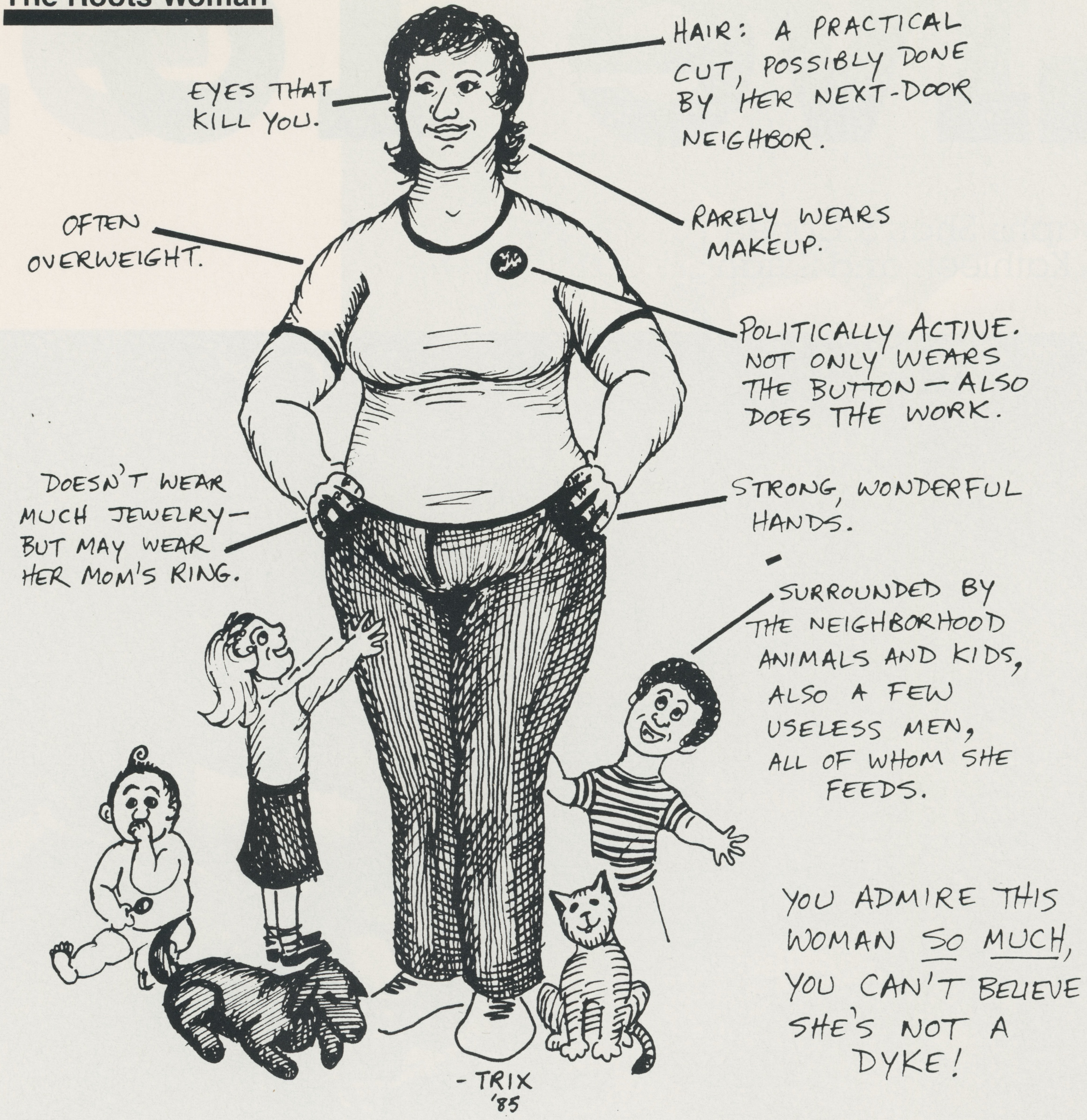
by Barbra LaRue

Illustrations by Trix


HAIR: FREQUENTLY VERY SHORT. ALWAYS PERFECTLY CUT.
EYES THAT KILL YOU.
WEARS MAKEUP— BUT IT'S PERFECTLY TASTEFUL, OF COURSE.
IMPECCABLY GROOMED NAILS LONG ENOUGH TO SCARE YOU...
FOUR POUNDS OF GOLD CHAINS, ETC., GIVEN TO HER BY EVERYBODY, INCLUDING YOU, PROBABLY.
ALMOST ALWAYS THIN AND TRIM. AND KNOWS HOW "GREAT" SHE LOOKS.
WEDDING SET, WITH A ROCK LIKE GIBRALTAR.
USUALLY PREFERS "CASUAL" DRESS... BUT ONLY THE FINEST. PURE WOOL. SILK. CASHMERE.
ON A SOCIO-POLITICAL LEVEL, IT REALLY BOTHERS YOU THAT YOU ARE SO ATTRACTED TO HER...
-TRIX '85

The Doctor's Wife

The Roots Woman


EYES THAT KILL YOU.
HAIR: A PRACTICAL CUT, POSSIBLY DONE BY HER NEXT-DOOR NEIGHBOR.
OFTEN OVERWEIGHT.
RARELY WEARS MAKEUP.
POLITICALLY ACTIVE. NOT ONLY WEARS THE BUTTON—ALSO DOES THE WORK.
DOESN'T WEAR MUCH JEWELRY—BUT MAY WEAR HER MOM'S RING.
STRONG, WONDERFUL HANDS.
SURROUNDED BY THE NEIGHBORHOOD ANIMALS AND KIDS, ALSO A FEW USELESS MEN, ALL OF WHOM SHE FEEDS.
YOU ADMIRE THIS WOMAN SO MUCH, YOU CAN'T BELIEVE SHE'S NOT A DYKE!
-TRIX '85

Oh, no, not us. Why would a lesbian be attracted to a straight woman? You don't need her anxiety, you don't need her husband, and the charm of her naivité wears off real fast. She'll use you—but good. The Lesbian Nation doesn't need this grief.

Nevertheless, what is it about straight women? They're not everyone's kink, but the straight/gay attraction is definitely one of the most popular and enduring games in town.

Straight women's appeal is buried in mystique. Lesbians who are persistently attracted to straight women (''Lady Lovers'' is my nickname for the genre) are reluctant to spell out what is so attractive to them about heterosexuals.

Continued on page 40

Live To Ri

Photographs: Shari S. Cohen
Models: Kathleen and Sarah

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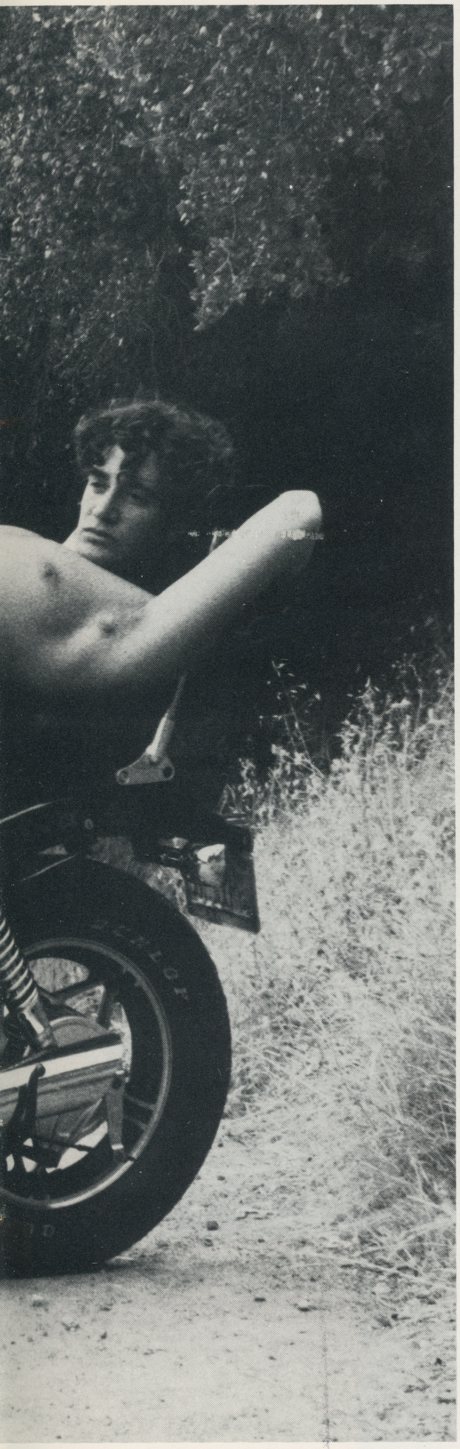


The Lonest★r, 3 A.M.

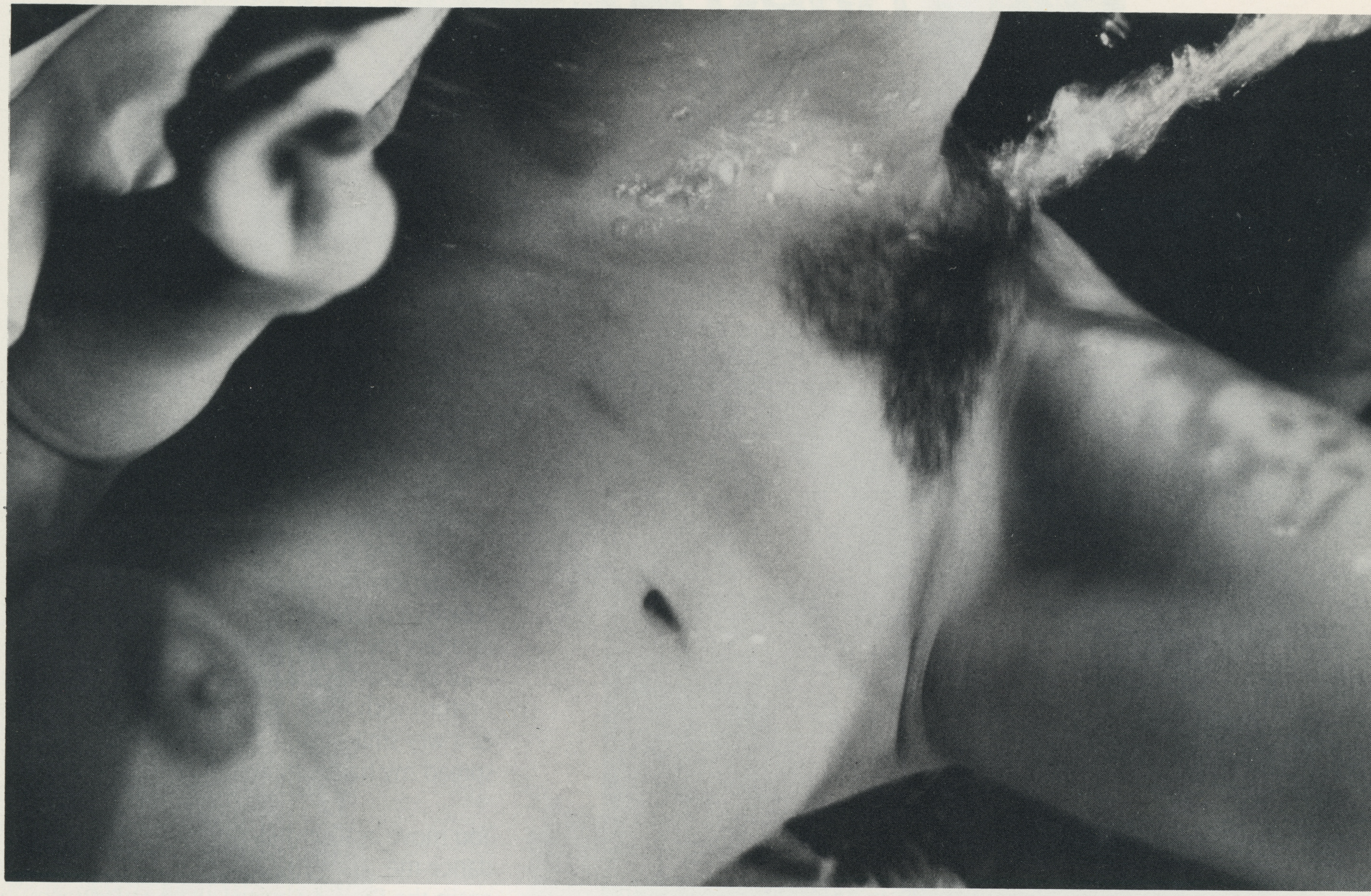
Honey Lee Cottrell

Too late I remember her
when I have danced with you all night
& the smoke of your hair is in my mouth.
I look for her among the aluminum pyramids
in the peacocks' den where women lavish
   lipstick, tar, & blush
behind the fence of blue-eyes cues
   & hustled dollar bets.
The bartender doesn't know
scowls at a waitress
& offers me the discarded skin
   of another redhead.
I return with Black Russians
& a wry smile
spread my hands as if in freedom.

You move against me
dance me
again the floor is emptier than your shoes
I believe I hear you sweat.
Too soon the lights lift their spell
masques have slipped
voices shrill over broken glass
legs appear shyly
   through stocking windows.
You tease my fingers between the car seats
but leave me breathless at your door
   holding the moon.

I think you know I will go home
   to the redhead
& punish her for your refusal.
I will take her down
screaming she loves me
   until she's learned your lesson.

Rob K. Baum



Mitchell Bros. Film Group

The Big Spurt

Suzanne Gage

Suzanne Gage is the co-author of the books A New View of a Woman's Body, and How to Stay Out of the Gynecologist's Office, as well as illustrating Woman-Centered Pregnancy and Birth. She currently provides holistic health care for women and sexuality/relationship workshops for lesbians in Los Angeles.

Dear Suzanne,

I'm 30 years old and started to ejaculate only in the last year. Why now? I never bothered to explore my G-Spot when all the publicity started, because, frankly, I was satisfied with how I was coming. I shuddered every time I read the instructions on "How to Stimulate Your G-Spot: Massage your bladder through your vagina". This message was an instant turn-off to a woman who suffers chronic bladder infections.

So I had my first G-Spot orgasm and ejaculation by accident. I remember the first time I squirted water all over the floor during orgasm. That evening, bent over the couch, being fucked with a huge dildo from behind, I came intensely and "peed". At least I thought it was pee until I smelled it and found it had no odor. Since my lover and I were comfortable together sexually, we weren't upset at the mess, only curious.

I came this way again a month later, then in two weeks, until it became such a frequent occurrence that to fuck with a towel underneath me was a natural as kissing.

The thing I love about the G-Spot orgasm is that it is long and completely satisfying. This is unlike my clit orgasms which are quick and allow me to desire again almost immediately. When I G-Spot cum, my relaxed vagina pushes out, and often what it pushes out is my dildo, followed by jac-off juice. This is different from when I clit-cum, when my cunt is squeezing shut as hard as it can.

I don't always ejaculate though. I don't know how to control my G-Spot arousal—sometimes I can't get going that way, or it seems painful at first.

What have you heard from other women about my exciting discovery?

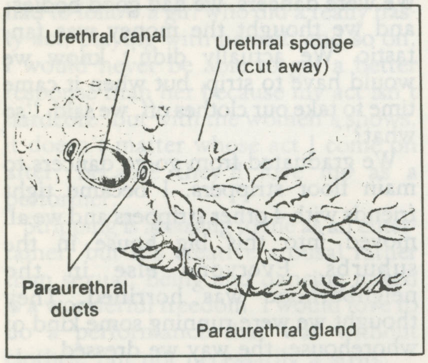
You Can't Avoid a 2-Foot Wet Spot

Dear Wet Spot,

You are not alone. It appears that more than one third of women ejaculate through G-Spot orgasms, while many other women suppress the ejaculate. Some mistakenly believe that the fluid is urine. As you have said, it does not taste or smell like urine, and it has a clear and watery consistency. Interestingly enough, it was the observations of a group of lesbians that inspired modern-day researchers Beverly Whipple and John Perry to bring female ejaculation to public attention in their book *The G-Spot*. Prior to this time, researchers dismissed female ejaculation as involuntary urination, due to ignorance or sexist indifference.

Many sex researchers believe that tiny glands adjacent to the urethra, called the paraurethral ducts, may be the source of this fluid, and with good reason. In the fetus, the same tissue which forms the prostate gland (the primary source of ejaculate in the male) becomes the paraurethral ducts in the female. Dr. Jack Summers, a urologist from Ohio, believes that this fluid may be secreted and expelled from the base or trigone of the bladder during sex. Whatever the source, female ejaculation is a normal, healthy, sexual function.

For many women, the ejaculate coincides with orgasm; however, some women ejaculate without orgasm. Often the cum will squirt out in a stream, but sometimes it comes out in more of a dribble.



Using a dildo isn't the only kind of sexual activity that can result in female ejaculation. Any kind of pressure against the G-Spot (urethral sponge) will stimulate the entire clitoris through the vaginal wall.

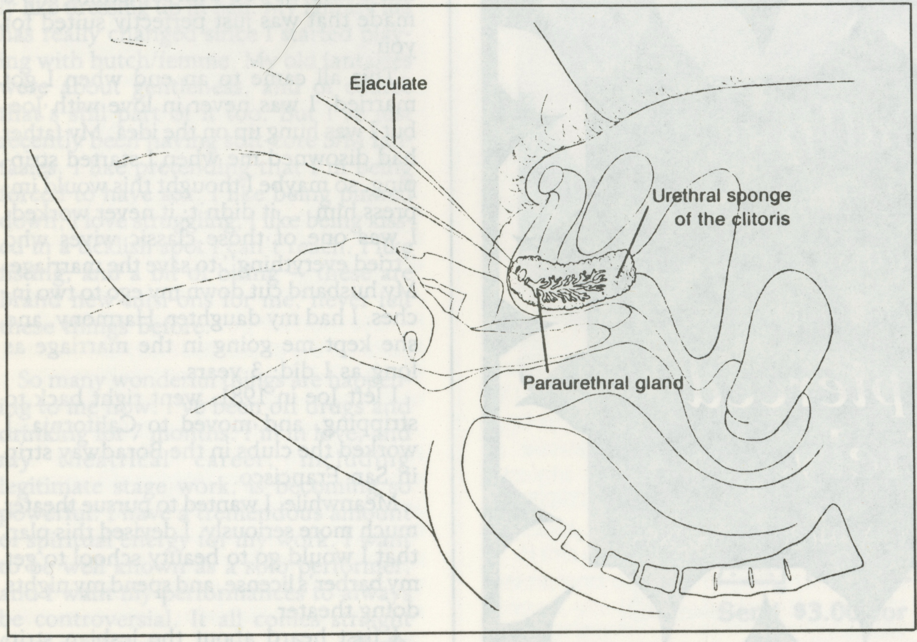
One woman reports, "I love when my partner comes on my arm while I'm penetrating her with my fingers. Especially if she comes on my face when she is over top of me and I'm going down on her. The warm wet feeling of her cum gushing all over my face and running down my neck is wonderful!"

Some women do involuntarily piss during sex, or at other times, because of weak pelvic muscles that support the vagina and bladder. Frequently this is due to harmful obstetrical practices that cause premature stretching and tearing of the pelvic muscles during childbirth. Exercises, such as squeezing the muscle that controls the flow of your urine (called Kegel exercises, which I will describe further in future columns) can correct involuntary urination and increase sexual pleasure.

Other women like yourself have been plagued by bladder infections that are not appeased by doctor's slogans like "learn to live with it." There is still no major research done on how female ejaculate relates to bladder functioning. We do not yet know how exactly the ejaculate is made or stored in the body.

We believe that many women are very embarrassed by coming all over the sheets, and have consciously strived to, and succeeded in, suppressing their ejaculation. We know that if we can control our orgasms by suppression, we can surely learn to control them in the opposite direction—by coming and spurting whenever we feel like it. Women are not always free to meet and pursue their sexual needs, and this reflects on the abysmal ignorance about female sexuality.

Feminists in women's health would like to see more research in female ejaculation. In the meantime, good lesbian sex now means being able to say, "Will you swallow my cum?"



From The Innocent To The Outrageous

High quality, full color, 5 x 7 Lesbian all occasion note cards and greeting cards.

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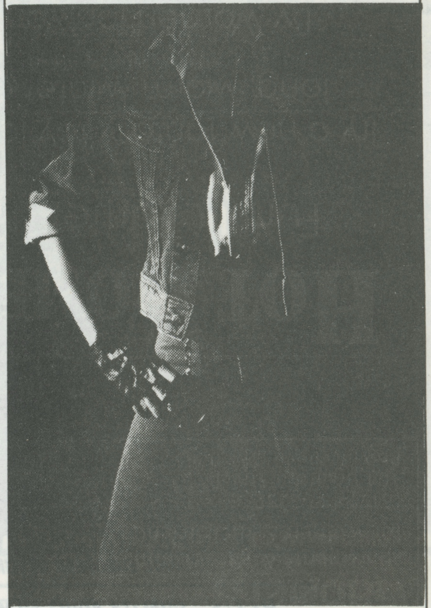

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Continued from page 22

Republican town. I always had brown bread in my lunch sack and never twinkies. The children in my family were brought up agnostic, while everyone else had a religion.

When I was 17, I took a bus ride all over the country, ended up in Texas, and finally returned to the Boston area. I hooked up with a childhood friend of mine, Lisa. We were best friends who then became lovers. We cooked up this idea to apply for jobs as go-go dancers. We were dancers, we had good bodies, and we thought the money was fantastic. We actually didn't know we would have to strip, but when it came time to take our clothes off, we said, "so what?"

We graduated from go-go dancers to main floor strippers. I became tight friends with 4 other strippers and we all moved into this big house in the suburbs. Everyone else in the neighborhood was horrified. They thought we were running some kind of whorehouse, the way we dressed.

Everyone in the house was bisexual or gay, and eventually everyone made love to one another. We made good money and hung out with our circle of friends all the time… it was great.

Among my group of stripper friends there was tremendous support, but the more prestigious clubs you worked at, the worse the competition got. People would make up awful stories about you and outmaneuver each other.

Starting with my first strip and ever since, it's never been just a bump and grind to me. The women I was with were incredibly creative. We were constantly putting together new shows. One of my roomates made amazing costumes, and she'd surprise you with something she'd made that was just perfectly suited for you.

This all came to an end when I got married. I was never in love with Joe, but I was hung up on the idea. My father had disowned me when I started stripping, so maybe I thought this would impress him… it didn't; it never worked. I was one of those classic wives who "tried everything" to save the marriage. My husband cut down my ego to two inches. I had my daughter, Harmony, and she kept me going in the marriage as long as I did: 3 years.

I left Joe in 1981, went right back to stripping, and moved to California. I worked the clubs in the Boradway strip in San Francisco.

Meanwhile, I wanted to pursue theater much more seriously. I devised this plan that I would go to beauty school to get my barber's license, and spend my nights doing theater.

I first heard about the lesbian strip

shows at a women's bar in Oakland. I got in contact with the producers right away.

My first performance, they were very nervous about how I would come off. I was pretty confident. After all, I'd done this for years. But I never expected the reaction I got. People went wild over it. I couldn't leave the stage. The producer of the show said she'd never gotten such a wonderful response from an audience, it was the best ever.

Women see beyond my body and appreciate the whole show more than men do. For example, in a men's club, if I had to follow a girl who did a really nasty act, playing with herself, and so on, I would never be able to get a better response than her because my act isn't hardcore. But with the women's shows, it doesn't matter whose act I come on after, because they'll love me as a performer.

Stripping is arousing to me as an entertainer, but it's creative arousal rather than sexual. Being and dancing naked is a wonderful freedom. I would love to do a performance that was without clothes, but not necessarily a strip.

Butch/femme roles are very new to me. I was against butch/femme for years, I thought it was heterosexual. Besides, I was always with other femmes, and we'd dress up femmey together. Most of the time I was the one taking the initiative. Now I wonder if that's why none of those relationships lasted.

I notice butchs for the first time now; I get so intrigued. Somehow they're always shorter than me... and dark hair. I like soft butches, who have some feminine quality. Trim, neatly dressed, kind of classy... like my girlfriend!

I love dressing femme, and I especially like dressing up in bed. My fantasy life has really changed since I started playing with butch/femme. My old fantasies were about gentleness, and of course that's still part of it too. But I've just recently been having soft-core S/M fantasies. I like pretending that I'm being forced to have sex. I like being pinned down, I love struggling, I like being kissed in a ticklish spot I can't reach. I like fisting, and a bit of biting — these are brand new turn-ons for me, never felt these things before.

So many wonderful things are happening to me now. I've been off drugs and drinking for 7 months. I'm in love, and my theatrical career, including legitimate stage work, is becoming so powerful. I have a tremendous amount of spiritual energy for my work. I want to be well known as a solo performer, and I want my performances to always be controversial. It all comes straight from my heart.

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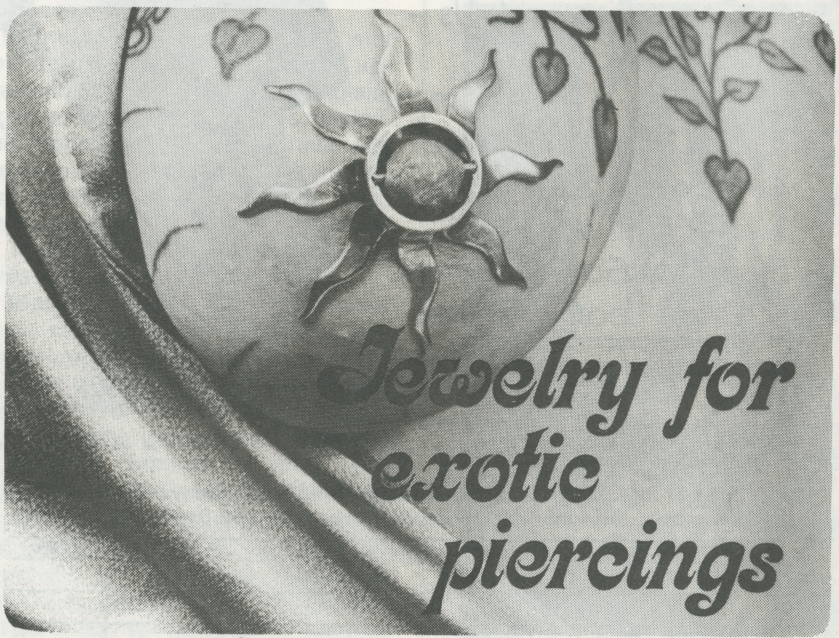

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Continued from page 31

> *"Straight, my ass!" says one seasoned Lady Lover. "I pulled more bitches out of straight bars than I ever did out of girls' bars."*
>
> *"They always come on to* **me***," another Lady Lover insists. "It's classic. She'll say, "I never knew it could be like this . . ." "*
>
> *"And then leave you, you can always count on that," chimes in another veteran.*

But let's lift all the swirling mist and troubled emotions that have clouded the real issue behind affairs with straight women. The truth is, straight girls can be a hot fantasy, or an enduring sexual preference. We know who THEY are, but what is it about us that prompts the attraction? What kind of lesbian is a lover of straight women?

The typical Lady Lover is a Doubting Thomas. She "doesn't label" her lover's one way or the other. She claims to be "non-judgmental". Despite her last 17 consecutive affairs with straight women, she denies that their heterosexuality had anything to do with the attraction.

Well, if Ms. Thomas is too chicken to "judge," we will. Her straight lovers heterosexuality has quite a bit to do with that "uncanny" appeal. Bringing out a woman, without any doubt, is a very intoxicating experience.

There are other species in the ranks of Lady Lovers Anonymous. Another one is the Separatist. Every dyke who scorns heterosexual women was once, or is still, in love with them. Feminism provided a convenient set of politics with which you could dismiss straight women right out of your life.

But for all the global rhetoric, it came down to one bottom line: She rejected you, possibly for a prick, and rejection is exquisitely bitter. You blame yourself for believing you could change her, and you'll never be fooled again.

Until next time . . .

But the real power, the real glory, in store for the dedicated Lady Lover, is not all this sobbing in pillows and gnashing one's teeth. The power is to accept the Straight Woman for what she is: the subject of your lust. A fantasy you can masturbate over. A fling at the office, a seasonal romance. Even a scene you can play out with a lesbian lover ("You be the rich straight lady leaning over in the gourmet section of Safeway, and I'll be the friendly lesbian who stares down your blouse.")

In order to "come out" as a Lady Lover, it helps to articulate just what is attractive about straight women. Let's go over the basics:

1. There is nothing like a good challenge. "They" are supposedly unattainable, but you know your mouth and hands could make the difference. Us Ladykillers experience sensual triumphs.

2. Straight women take their femininity for granted. This is particularly fascinating to lesbian butches. "They" are so utterly cool and unquashable in their womanhood; never troubled by a tomboy image or a queer's insecurity. Any Liz Taylor move will prove this.

3. We see ourselves on a Mission of Love, an initiator of Virgins. We are delighted by their wonder and eagarness. We have so much to teach, and their appetite is enormous.

4. Straight women live outside of gay culture. Obvious, yes, but so often this is the motivation. Many a disgruntled bar dyke or burnt-out lesbian activist is drawn to the woman who doesn't have a damn thing to do with us: our cliques, our habits, our hang-ups. No, straight women have their own hang-ups, which we don't notice at first in all the excitement.

Never let it be said that straight women are all alike. There are, however, definite types, which in our labelling phobia, we have never had the good sense to name.

Butch/femme terminology comes in handy here. Ordinarily, butch/femme is reserved for gay territory, but the same style is helpful and perhaps appropriate to describe our heterosexual turn-ons.

For example, "The Doctor's Wife" is a Femme Straight Woman. She seems to have a lot of time, and a lot of gold jewelry, on her hands. She hides her vibrator from her husband, and she nearly died when you put your whole hand inside her. Very thin, very clean, and she screams when she comes.

The "Roots Woman" is the Butch straight woman. She is surrounded by children, animals, and useless men. She's tough as nails, you feel like making a documentary out of her life, and her chest is heaven. She's never come before. You broke through her cynicism built from three alcoholic ex-husbands. The two of you get it on in the back of the station wagon at a drive-in while the kids are outside fighting over candy.

"You be the rich straight woman shopping in the gourmet section of Safeway, and I'll be the lesbian who happens to look down your blouse."

The list goes on. Class, race, age, and a softball team can all add endless variations. The key is, once you have identified your straight woman fantasy as an erotic identity, you can truly begin to enjoy yourself.

Think of her as you would any other fantasy. Do you really want to act it out, or would it lose something in the translation? Probably some experimentation will be necessary.

If straight women are definitely your sexual preference, then start appreciating the sex, instead of complaining about the limitations of the relationship. If what you love is bringing them out, then don't stick around to become bored and frustrated by the aftermath. If you want a vacation from the gay community, then don't expect *her* to follow *our* rules.

Straight women are a lot more savvy about why they're attracted to us. We know how to kiss. We perform oral sex as a matter of course, we fuck like angels, and they never knew dry humping could be so much fun. Lesbianism is the delight of endless foreplay, foreplay with orgasms. Our skin is soft, just like theirs.

Now you know, some straight ladies will fool you and end up becoming lesbians after all. They'll start making love back to you and coming up with all kinds of little tricks that make your clit jump up and wonder where the time went. All of a sudden, your precious, innocent straight lady will be gone. You find yourself instead with a real live Sapphic Wonder.

At this point, you might want to take her aside, and confess that, if the truth be known, you used to be sort of a straight woman too.

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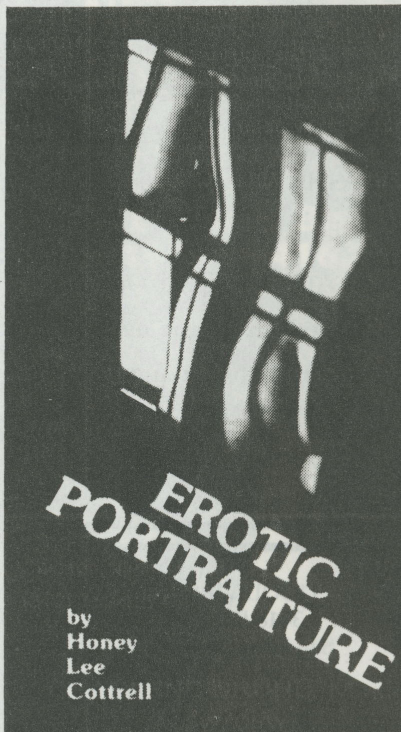

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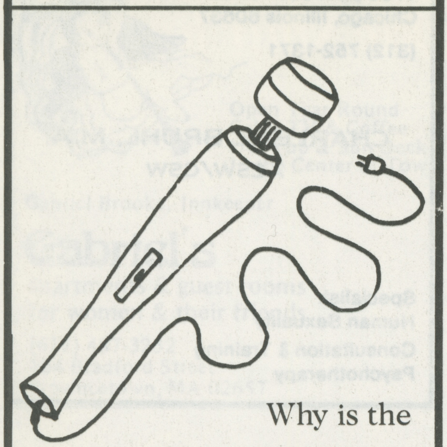

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Continued from p. 19

was like a menu, a constant catalogue of what she had eaten, what she would be eating, what she might eat. Out to lunch with Cynthia Bennet, the editor of the book Amy was writing, Amy's mind kept wandering from the business matter at hand to silent speculation about the meal she'd just ordered. "I wonder how many clams I will get with my order?" Amy thought as Cynthia attempted to explain a flaw she'd detected in the structure of the book. Amy tried to concentrate on Cynthia's shrewd analysis, but her fingers, exercising a will of their own, crept into the breadbasket, and deposited another roll on her plate. Amy was spreading butter on the still-warm pumpernickel flesh with the intensity of a skilled craftsperson, when Cynthia, spotting a friend across the room, briefly turned away.

It was then that Amy's gaze slid over from the butter to Cynthia's cleavage, poking through her sheer silk shirt. The bread dissolved in Amy's mouth, the butter moist and salty, as she imagined unclasping Cynthia's bra and watching her large breasts tumble free. Amy, who had never been to bed with a woman, stirred uncomfortably.

Turning away, she noticed at the next table an elegant, rather plump woman sitting alone. The woman was eagerly, and with much concentration, shoveling cream-coated pasta into her mouth, mopping up the sauce with her bread, and licking the fork clean. Now, there's a proud eater, thought Amy, all admiration. Feisty, defiant, self-satisfied. How would it be, going to bed with a woman like that? Amy imagined warm rivulets of sweat dripping from the rolls of soft flesh as the woman lay on her back, groaning loudly, overcome by pleasure.

Amy, imagining herself to be the source of that woman's pleasure, reached out for more bread. Her usual fantasy was of a slender woman, a woman with tight thigh muscles who wrapped those muscles around Amy's head as Amy sucked up the sweet juices pouring from her cunt. Usually, the woman in the fantasy was built much like Cynthia, but was not, of course, Cynthia, who was married, and who was, in any case, her editor.

Amy chewed on her bread quickly, feeling starved. A dog was howling in her stomach—her stomach was an open claw, holding her in its grip: was she stuffed or starving? She glanced at Cynthia, whose thick curls, the color of hash browns, were cropped short and seemed to ask to be petted. Just then Cynthia, who suspected that Amy had not been listening to a word she'd said, looked at Amy quizzically.

"I'm starving," Amy explained. "I haven't eaten since this morning." It was noon.

"Poor thing," Cynthia murmured. "It must be tough." Cynthia's voice rang with the compassionate tones usually reserved for the newly bereaved.

Amy, detecting sarcasm, looked directly into Cynthia's eyes as a certain ripple passed between them, causing them both to turn away.

Amy reached again for the breadbasket, drawing it closer. The rolls were all gone, so Amy settled for a breadstick. She was disturbed by her new awareness of her pen-in-hand editor as a flesh-and-blood woman. And quite an attractive one at that. Cynthia wore no makeup, but the slight puffiness around her eyes seemed decorative, sexy, recalling late nights. She moved quickly, in both her career and in life, cutting through space like she'd been granted immunity from obstacles. She was articulate, intelligent and forceful. She played squash. But from the distance of a neatly manicured finger, Cynthia's wedding band glinted at Amy, whose mind ran back to food: should she have the chocolate mousse pie for dessert? The breadsticks seemed a little stale. Maybe the clams were a mistake. Food was her mantra, keeping Amy's mind from wandering back to that magical realm where Cynthia's breasts fell free of her bra. Maybe she should have the custard tart instead of the mousse pie. Maybe she should skip dessert and pick up some ice cream on her way home.

Amy's gaze slid over from the butter to Cynthia's cleavage.

Although Amy though she could certainly afford to lose a few pounds, she was by no means fat. She kept her weight down by jogging enormous distances, and while she ran she tried to convince herself that she was straight. She knew the most compelling argument: life was hard enough without opting into an oppressed minority.

She thought that she was happy with men, sexually anyway. She had certainly slept with her fair share of them. But still, even as Amy ran, she looked at other women jogging, at their buttocks as they ran ahead of her, at their breasts as they ran toward her. Once, Amy had been so taken with a young woman jogging past her in the street that she changed direction entirely and followed her until the younger woman's faster pace almost caused Amy to collapse. Confused by her own behavior, feeling a little humiliated (at cruising like that, or at not being able to keep up?) Amy walked slowly back home. She kept hoping that when she turned around the woman would be there, behind her. ''Take me home?'' she'd say and Amy, of course, would. The young stranger would then quickly strip off Amy's jogging suit, and then her own. She'd have Amy stand naked in the middle of the living room as her mouth began to explore each surface of Amy's body, licking playfully on her nipples as her fingers lightly vibrated her clit. Then they would both lie down on the rug, mouths to cunts, and they'd suck, on and on. But, of course, when Amy reached her door and turned around, the young woman was nowhere to be seen. Amy went upstairs and, after a cold shower, ate a very hearty lunch.

The waiter was moving the bread basket away to make room for the clams as Amy, in a reflex action, grabbed for it. ''Oh, good!'' she cried, interrupting Cynthia. ''A full dozen!''

Cynthia, listening to Amy nearly gurgle with pleasure, knew that it was unusual for someone at a publishing lunch to even mention the food. The meals served as mere backdrops to meetings; lunch was just a ritual. Actually, this particular lunch was completely unnecessary: everything she was telling Amy was included in a long memo mailed to Amy just yesterday. Yet Cynthia had asked her secretary to schedule this meeting with Amy—why? Because she liked her; she wanted to get to know her better. She liked her book proposal, too; but she suspected she'd bid so high on it because she was afraid of losing Amy, not her project, to another publishing house.

Cynthia, convinced now that Amy had barely been focused on a word she had to say, was watching with enjoyment as Amy doused her clams with cocktail sauce as though putting out small fires. She found the way Amy's tongue darted out of her mouth to meet each clam most adorable. Cynthia stopped talking until her silence attracted Amy's attention as she knew it would.

''You really enjoy eating, don't you?'' Cynthia asked, smiling, but the question seemed to annoy Amy.

''I'm hungry,'' Amy protested.

Amy's appetite caused her secret shame, and then she was ashamed of being ashamed. She glanced over to the woman at the next table, now rejoicing over a piece of strawberry cheesecake.

''Yes, I love to eat,'' Amy admitted, risking a look straight into Cynthia's eyes again. This time, the current that passed between them was unmistakable.

''Oh, shit,'' thought Amy. ''I can't be attracted to Cynthia! She's married! She's my editor! She'll take away my advance!''

Amy started to slouch over her plate, examining the clam shells, but Cynthia leaned in toward her, demanding her attention.

How would it be, going to bed with a woman like that?

''I've been asked to test recipes for a chocolate dessert book we're publishing. Want to come to my house Saturday and help me judge the results? My husband will be away; I'll be alone all day.''

Now, why did she mention him, wondered Amy, as Cynthia, embarrassed, asked herself the same question.

''Sounds good,'' Amy said, her voice three octaves lower than usual, trying to sound cool. ''I'd love to.''

Now Amy felt Cynthia's gaze wash over her, and she imagined she was being appraised.

''I must be nuts,'' Amy thought, and then, in a sudden gesture, she held out her plate to Cynthia. ''Want one?'' offered Amy, eager now to know if Cynthia's tastes ran to raw clams.

Silently, and with one smooth gesture, Cynthia lifted the shell to her lips and sucked out the Cherrystone. It occurred to Amy that she was looking forward to being with Cynthia on Saturday more than she was to her main course.

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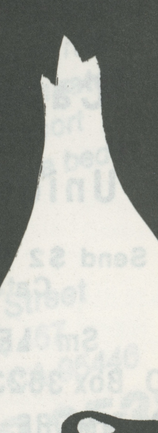

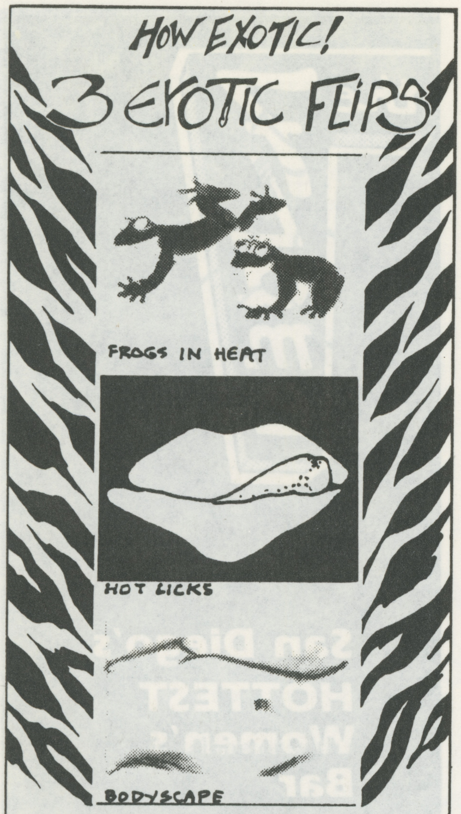

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Continued from p. 21

"I've kept it to make myself intriguing."

Annie looked toward her from under the brim of her cap. She *seemed* intrigued as she measured Marie-Christine.

"French-speaking Swiss. My name is Marie-Christine. Father is a diplomat who, ten years ago, agreed to leave me in America if I'd just live my life quietly. Now and again he sends me a check to insure my staying, or my propriety. Or perhaps to assuage his guilt. This is lucky, since I can't even keep myself in wine, clerking in a woman's vibrator store."

Annie, in a courtly way, held open an old, wood-framed, leaded glass door and led her into a narrow hallway. "My hole-in-the-wall," she said self-deprecatingly as they completed their four flight climb. The apartment had been newly whitewashed and still smelled faintly of paint. The trim was all in royal blue, rich against the bright white.

"What an amazing window!" It was tall, blue-framed, and somehow missed being filled with a view of other buildings. There were stars in the sky.

"I never have to pull that shade."

Marie-Christine turned from the view and watched Annie raise the heat and rinse red clear plastic glasses for wine. "So you drive a cab."

"About fifteen years now, in New Haven, and then here."

"Yale grad?"

Annie shook her head. With her jacket off, Marie-Christine could see the coveralls were open halfway down her chest. She enjoyed coveralls that unzipped to the crotch. "Yale *girl*," Annie explained. "Five years worth of Yale girl. But when she finished her law degree she was west coast bound. Now we're bicoastal lovers. I'm into dirty, ugly, crowded east coast cities myself, where the buildings block out the light and night is as bright as day."

They toasted, Marie-Christine from her perch on the still-heating radiator, framed by that blue window and the starlight. Her cape lay around her hips, her soft jersey clung to her heavy breasts. "Schopenhauer," she prompted.

"You don't really want to hear all that."

"I wouldn't ask if I didn't."

Annie moved closer and studied Marie-Christine's face. "No. You wouldn't. But most women think I'm nuts to be studying philosophy."

"You may be the most attractive nut I've ever met then." Marie-Christine lightly touched Annie's cheek. She smiled in pleasure. "Tell me."

The change in Annie Heaphy was immediate. Her hands moved quickly through the air, her face became animated as she spoke. "Take art," she began, moving away from Marie-Christine to a table. "According to Schopenhauer, the artist creates certain archetypal 'ideas' that he calls—where is it now?" She ducked under the formica-topped table that obviously served as her desk as well as an eating place. "Here," she said, displaying a thick book. "The artist creates 'the permanent essential forms of the world and all its phenomena.'"

As Annie's hands shaped the air, Marie-Christine felt stirred by her contagious excitement. She pulled the cape away from her body and took several sips of wine. She could feel her cheeks burning red.

"Artists," Annie went on, "don't see the way the rest of us do. They have a special vision and reveal aspects of the world the rest of us—cab drivers and saleswomen—don't even see until the artist shows us the way." She peered at Marie-Christine over her book, as if seeking a response.

Marie-Christine felt like she was falling into a newly-painted world as vast as that black starry night outside. She slipped off the radiator. Annie's face was flushed, too; her eyes still sparkled with excitement. "Annie Heaphy . . ." said Marie-Christine, as if testing the name.

Annie looked puzzled.

Marie-Christine set down her red glass. She couldn't stop staring at this magnet of a woman—or understand her fascination. She reached trembling hands across the table and again caressed the ruddy cheeks. "I love your excitement."

Annie held her eyes while sipping some wine. "And what's yours? When you go looking for excitement—what do you find?"

Marie-Christine threw back her head and laughed. There was a string of beads between her breasts, many-colored, and she took hold of them to roll between her fingers as she talked. Two gold rings caught the light in the same way as her earrings. "It's never been a philosopher-dyke before!" She pulled her chair next to Annie. "Do you mind?" she asked quickly, having forgotten they were not yet lovers. "I love sidewalk cafes. And maze-like museums. I love every kind of flower in the world. I love women. And adventure. Anything can be exciting to me. I love particularly watching ocean liners arrive and depart and I check the *Times* for their schedules. Yesterday, while I was walking at the docks, I met a seventy-five year old sailor who'd just retired for the last time. What he told me was this: no matter what port he sailed to, what happened or who he met there, nothing was as exciting as pulling into port. He said he knows New York has everything he longed for all those years at sea, but none of it excites him because he's docked, he said, for good."

Continued

"You don't identify what you want? You just follow your will blindly like the old man and his ships?"

"Oh," said Marie-Christine, "I identify what I want. But I trust my will blindly to find it." Abruptly she asked, "Will you take me to bed now?"

Annie's eyes swept down her body. She seemed to be savoring it as she might an idea. She stood, then, and caught Marie-Christine's hand as she passed her. "Would you like candles, or something?" Annie asked.

Marie-Christine lay back on a mattress raised slightly off the floor, arms lifted. "Please," she said, pulling Annie to her. "Do you think I'm awful?" she asked. "I've never wanted anyone this fast or hard. Annie, Annie Heaphy," she breathed as she held Annie and moved against her.

"You're very exciting, Marie-Christine," said Annie as she touched her lips that first time with her own. Marie-Christine was quivering. "Do you want to undress?" asked Annie.

"Yes."

Annie watched as Marie-Christine pulled off her jersey. "God, your breasts are beautiful," she said. She helped with her pants and boots. "God, you're beautiful all over."

"And you," said Marie-Christine, kneeling before her. With one swift motion she unzipped the front of Annie's coveralls, expertly avoiding the pubic hair under her zipper. Before Annie could pull them off, Marie-Christine had slipped a hand between her legs and was spreading moisture everywhere. "You're still blonde there."

Annie knelt too, and touched those breasts. Marie-Christine slipped inside her, but Annie pulled away and gently pushed her down. "What would you like?" she asked.

"You be the artist. Show me your vision. Take me into your world. Your philosopher does acknowledge that lovers are artists?"

Annie seemed to hesitate, as if unsure her skills were equal to this woman. But Marie-Christine had not stopped moving and Annie, lying against her, began to match her undulations. "You're incredible."

Marie-Christine's vagina pulsated, as if seeking its own satisfaction. She wrapped one leg tightly around one of Annie's. She rubbed up and down on the leg, shuddering.

"God," said Annie. Her hands and lips moved ceaselessly, as if of their own will, too. She seemed to be trying to engulf Marie-Christine in even more sensations.

Suddenly Marie-Christine's hold on her tightened. Tiny sounds like singing came from her throat. Annie just held her, cradling her orgasm.

"I felt as if you were all that contained me. If you hadn't held me I might have flown away."

Annie's eyes looked on her wondrously.

"Was I too forward for you? I'm not usually like this." Marie-Christine had turned all soft in her arms. The frizzy hair had become the curls of childhood, her smile, one of supreme content.

"You are superb," said Annie Heaphy. "And no, you're not too forward. I want you again."

"Oh? I'm so glad it's not just me. Annie, what makes you so special? What do you do with your life besides driving cabs and reading philosophy?"

"I spend a lot of time at piano bars. I have every song Mabel Mercer ever recorded."

"Is there room for me in your life? Somewhere between Schopenhauer and Mabel Mercer?" Marie-Christine asked, her hand again between Annie's legs. She rolled Annie's inner lips between her fingers, back and forth, back and forth, slowly, hard.

"Room?" Annie almost squeaked.

"You feel like a delicate succulent. So good, I have chills down my spine. May I taste you?"

"Oh, my god," said Annie, rolling weakly onto her back.

"Did I say something wrong?" Marie-Christine's mouth and tongue were already caressing Annie.

"Just exciting. I've never met anyone like—" But Marie-Christine had begun doing something new with her tongue and Annie was thrusting and rotating and tightening her thighs under Marie-Christine's splayed hands.

"You come fast," whispered Marie-Christine.

"Never," said Annie, struggling for breath. "Never that fast. Never like that."

"Then I'm good for you, too?"

They were stretched flat against each other, thigh to thigh, stomach to stomach, breasts to breasts. Already their hands had begun to move again.

Good? Annie laughed, then answered in a kiss meant to leave no question. For the first of many, many times, she reached to touch the electric pubic hair, to find the rosy labia, long and folding lovingly around her fingers.

"That sailor?" murmured Annie as she kissed her way down Marie-Christine's body.

"Umm," answered Marie-Christine, lifting herself to meet Annie's lips, to hurry their contact.

"Poor guy. Not to have found an excitement like you."

"Marie-Christine kept her eyes open, kept the star-filled window in sight. Here, in this cool stark room were enough heat, enough flowers, enough light to last her a long, long time.

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CONTRIBUTORS

Lee Lynch is the popular lesbian author of *The Swashbuckler, Old Dyke Tales,* and *Toothpick House*. ▪ **Iowa Rae Lowenstein** is a Brooklyn born writer, living in lower Manhattan but dreaming of the forest. A very airy Aquarian with no earth in her chart, she is in love with a writer whose last novel rhymes with "Trolley". ▪ **F.** has had stories and poetry published in *Sinister Wisdom* and *Sapphic Touch*. ▪ **Jill Bender, M.H.S.,** is a sex educator and counselor in practice in the San Francisco Bay Area for over three years. She is a member of Bay Area Career Women, and most recently, BAFACT (Bay Area Women Against Censorship). ▪ **Aisha** was born in 1946 and has been coming out of the closet since 1964. She is a mother of two, born in Pennsylvania, grew up in Philly, and lived in Chicago for 13 years. She has been in Seattle the past 4 years and finds it to be the best lesbian community ever. Worked at a local gay bar as a bouncer for a year and a half; now working at the Lesbian Resource Center. Active in Seattle Gay Pride, and a member of PRISM (Lesbians of Color Taskforce). ▪ **Barbara La Rue** has so many affairs with straight women she lost count of them all, but her taste has switched quite dramatically to finding and flipping the gnarliest butches she can find. She has published previous articles in *On Our Backs* on X-rated films and personal ads. ▪ **Laurie White** has featured her erotic illustrations regularly in *On Our Backs.* Her work has appeared throughout the feminist press. ▪ **Lavender Splendid** has her home in Hawaii, where she is perpetually active in the women's and gay community. She is a long-time photographer and lover of women. Aloha. ▪ **Morgan Gwenwald** has been published prolifically in the new wave of lesbian sex publications. She lives in the Brooklyn Lesbian Nation. ▪ **Shari Cohen** makes her debut in this issue of *On Our Backs.* Originally from Denver, she lives, breathes and studies photography in San Francisco. Her work focuses on changing perception of women's imagery, and demanding a reaction to that change. ▪ **Sean Reynolds** is currently looking for models with outrageous haircuts. Her unique philosophy and casual remarks can be found in an interview in the Fall 84 issue, along with her centerfold spread. ▪ **Maria Sanchez,** our cover model, is a 28-year-old San Franciscan. ▪ **Max Kincora** has given up all hope of living down her trash queen reputation. After flirting briefly with being politically correct in her sex life, she decided to come completely out of the closet with her short fiction on fist-fucking. ▪ **Gloria Swanson** has been published virtually everywhere but Architectural Digest, and that IS her real name. Her symbol is a lightening bolt, and she has recently struck home to California after a lengthy exodus on the East Coast. ▪ **Megan Boler** is a native San Franciscan writer about to move to Santa Cruz to philosophize instead of delivering bread. ▪ **Trix** writes and draws in San Francisco. Her lesbian romance comic strip "Hell on Wheels" appeared in the premier issue of *On Our Backs.* She prefers to remain ano*malous*. ▪ **Ms. Rob K. Baum** is a working woman rooted in water worlds. Evenings, she lifts weights, runs, and plays racquetball; or she composes songs at the piano. She writes poetry and short fiction as a thin candle against the long Arctic nights. Currently working on a woman's play and series of stories for Eskimo children. The cards suggest a journey, soon. ▪ **Barbie Painter** had her erotica career launched in 1981 when a series of sexy pictures she shot for New York's *WomanNews* caused her to be purged from their staff. Since then, her work has appeared in the *Village Voice, The Native, Bad Attitude,* and the *Body Politic.* We apologize for omitting her name from the Summer 85 house subscription ad, a perfectly erotic photograph of an EverReady young woman. ▪ **L. Lanza** is a visual and performance artist. She studied design in Italy and returned to Oakland to learn how surrender and discipline pertain to the creative act. ▪ **Cookie Hunt** is the editor of the 9-year-old Seattle lesbian feminist newspaper, *Out and About.* Her photographs have also appeared in the 1982 Fat Avengers calendar, "Of Our Flesh", and also in the book, *We Are Ordinary Women–the Story of the Puget Sound Women's Peace Camp.* ▪ **Norma Austin** is a San Francisco illustrator making her publication debut in this Fall issue. ▪ **Linda Stalter** is a professional photographer whose portraits first appeared in *On Our Backs* in our Spring 85 issue.

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LINDA STALTER

Linda Stalter, photographer, is available for portrait work. Her fine work may be seen in her national line of greeting cards, or the recent portfolio in Spring 85 *On Our Backs*. Contact her at: P.O. Box 4714, San Francisco, CA 94101.

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PERSONALS

CLASSY SLIM BUSINESS LADY

30 years old, would like to meet same. Luv to play top and bottom both. S/M on light side ok. Prefer workaholics like myself along with intelligence. Prefer Southern CA responses. Drawer #100.

DOMINATRIX FOR HIRE

Strong, sensual, 26, available for fantasy fulfillment in New York. Willing to travel. Be my "O". Send photo, phone, and description of your desires. You deserve what I've got. Drawer #91.

NO SEX

If ad answering is not your style, please do because it's not my style either. Moved from Minneapolis to Indianapolis. Searching for nonsexual friendships with mature adults. I'm educated and down-to-earth. Prefer same, no heavy drinkers, drug users or fad fanatics. Discretion mandatory. Drawer #112.

UNICORN

Are we looking for strawberries in a hardware store? Bi couple (m & f) seek similar or bi female. Smarts, hearts, humour musts. N.Calif. Drawer #113.

PRIVATE DANCER

I am a 20 yr old lesbian virgin but I know what I want. I am turned on by extremes, bleach blondes and black-haired beauties. I need someone with experience to bring me out and dance with me. I can travel anywhere in NY or PA. Drawer #114.

LEATHER AND LACE EXCITES ME

I am an attractive, aggressive femme who seeks an attractive but more passive woman who can ask for what she wants or is willing to experiment. Limits respected. You must have a sense of humour and enjoy dancing. Women who drink and drug bore me. Bay Area. Drawer #115.

M.A., N.H., R.I. AREA

Lustful GF seeks erotic passionate encounters. I enjoy being passive and aggressive and prefer my partners to be the same. Prefer women 5'2"-5'8", of athletic to average build. Not seeking a relationship. No smokers. Minimum drugs. No S/M. Drawer #116.

AFFECTIONATE SADIST

Seeks massage slave. Other duties required. Must accept pain, chained in lacy lingerie. No smokers. Box 497, Times Square Sta., NY NY 10108.

4-STAR FEMME

Seeks suitable butch. I'm 29, entrepeneur, high I.Q., very pretty, brunette, 5'7", 130 lbs, serious bodybuilder. You're 30's, intelligent, handsome, financially secure, vague dangerous, slender yet muscular, and very strong. Nonsmoker, not chemically dependent. We both live life on the edge, push to the limits, laugh at most of it, cry when we must. I love rough sex, light B/D, no pain or humiliation. Chicago area or frequent visitors. Please send photo — I will return and exchange. Drawer -111.

WHERE'S MY MISTRESS

Attractive soft butch bottom needs her hot mistress! GWF, 30, is waiting for an androgenous femme type to dominate me. Are you intelligent, experienced and caring? Are GWF 25-45? Can I trust you? Take me and do what you will. Heavy S/M, B/D. Phone? Photo appreciated. Chicago area. Drawer -106.

DREAMS DO CUM TRUE

GWF, very attractive Lady seeking Black Butches (Tops) for intense, passionate, no strings sex. I'm clean, healthy, willing to learn, able to travel to any U.S. location. S/M, etc., o.k., bisexuals and heavy drugs are not. Let's put our fantasies together and make memories. Drawer -107.

FIRST LADY WANTED

Uniformed leader in LA's S/M community seeks companion. I am intelligent, professional, more butch than femme, dominant, and caring, very supportive, 28 years. You are affectionate, supportive, nonsmoker, 18-35 years. Inexperienced or shy OK. Elaine. Drawer -108.

UPPER MIDWEST

S/M lesbian looking for same in Southern Minn./Northern Iowa area. For friendship, possible more. I'm 31, university professor, nonsmoking, non-drinking. Enjoy quiet evenings, long walks, bowling, skating, can chocolate. No heavy drinkers or drug users. Drawer -109.

BEAUTY IN WEST MICHIGAN

Small-town lesbian lover looking for gentle friend and possible relationship. I'm 36, short, emotionally mature. Animal lover, enjoy music, hiking, life's passions and pleasures. Let me show you beauty in West Michigan! Photo and self-description desired. Discretion wanted and given. Drawer -110.

HUNGRY FOR FUN?

Two lesbian eggs, one brown medium and one white extra-large, seek third to whip up omelet of S/M fantasies, and toys; spiced with caring. Top/Bottom flexible. K.D., P.O. Box 31534, Oakland, CA 94604.

WANTED: FEMME SLAVE

Tall, strong, butch top with active imagination seeks attractive, experienced, creative femme slave. Scenes emphasize worship, ownership, self-abasement and humiliation. Communication of fears, desires, and feelings is essential. No tobacco smokers. Bay Area. Drawer #65.

BRIGHT, ATTRACTIVE, L.A. FEM

Scorpio working in film industry seeks sexy butch 30+ with brains, ambition, style, intuition, and an aware, generous, and loving nature. Upwardly mobile, politically aware, spiritually inclined nature/film/animal lovers, vegetarians, cooks, and Dildo afficianados please apply! Into roles, not oppression! Looking for friend/Life Partner. Mild Bondage is fun . . . No smokers, please! Drawer #70.

WANTED: INTENSE SEDUCTION

Black semi-butch professional psych student seeks intelligent soft butches and femmes who come on strong and deep in bed. Must be in D.C. or Buffalo, NY area. Drawer #76.

SEXY SASSY

Hot femme bottom seeks arrogant, demanding butch top for sexual adventures of all kinds. No drugs. Portland, OR area. Drawer #60.

ADVENTUROUS LESBIAN

30, 5'1", blue eyes, located in central Indiana, would like to meet other lesbians for friendship and possible relationship. Drawer #63.

ROUGH TOP

In New York. I am 39, erotic, exotic, and an all-around class act. Similar to me, you must be in excellent mental, physical, and financial shape. No clones, no games. No response: your loss. Drawer #62.

ADVENTUROUS WOMEN WANTED

Long-term lesbian couple (25-35) need spice. Seek third or couple for pleasure, fun and . . . We can sizzle! Take a chance/all answered. San Francisco. Drawer #90.

SHY AND BI

31-year old Chicago bisexual seeks bi woman only for adventurous sex and possible romance. I like lingerie, toys, and gentle S/M. Must accept heterosexuality. What's your fantasy? Drawer #98.

SEXY BISEXUAL

Seeks friendship, and lovers who feel secure and self-confident enough to be unthreatend by my feelings for others (of both sexes) I have much affection to offer. South Bay Area. Drawer #97.

BEAUTIFUL, PETITE, SINGLE

Bisexual, W/F, 25, 5'1", 100 lbs., seeks to correspond or meet other aggressive W/Bi Lesbians, experienced in hot sensuous feminine love. Can travel So. Calif. Detailed letter and sexy photo for mine and reply. Drawer #87.

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Write your reply to the woman you're interested in. Seal it in an envelope, with your return address in the top left-hand corner, and a first class stamp on the right. Write in her Boxholder Number in the middle of the envelope. Now fold this envelope and put it in *another* envelope, which you will address to *On Our Backs—Personals*, POB 421916, San Francisco, CA 94142. When we receive your reply, we will take out the inside envelope, and address it to the woman s real name and address. Then we will post it in the mail the next day. By following each of the steps to the detail, you will ensure your privacy, and get the speediest delivery.

NO GUTS? NO GLORY!

Tough femme seeks soft butch. Woman of color preferred. I'm big, black, late 20's, and know what I want. Financially independent. Chicago area. Drawer #54.

BALTIMORE'S BEST

Looking for a hot loose time. Anywhere on East Coast. Nothing is ruled out. Up for adventure and excitement. Drawer #58.

PASSIONATE PRINCESS

Intellectual eclectic awaits her butchy, womanly prince: slim-bodied, long fingered, erudite, and carressingly sharp-witted, lover of 30+ years. Drawer #59.

PERSONALS

Lesbian, 38, Short, Blue eyes, financially secure, buying home, seeks others for friendship and possible relationship. Likes women and lots of loving. No drinkers or heavy smokers. Indiana area. Drawer #53.

WANTED

Black butch(s) with tits size 40 and over. Must give bondage. I am a farmgirl into striptease acts and artificial instruments. All letters answered. Drawer #74.

ANY WHICH WAY YOU WANT IT

Adult, sensuous, sultry, uninhibited, imaginative, playful, lusty, beautiful, horny, redhead seeks clean, creative, experienced, mature, handsome, knowledgeable, equipped, competent, top dykes with sense of humour for occasional odd, kinky, consensual, sleazy affectionate, safe, fantasyfull, S/M, B/D, FF, TT, etc., SEX. Send photo and suggestions. Drawer #89.

SOPHISITCATED AND SULTRY

This petite, blue-eyed beauty needs a gorgeous NYC woman to adore her. She enjoys nightclubbing, working out, and the beach. Let's do it together. Phone and photo. Drawer #88.

HOT DEMANDING

Hot, demanding, butch top from wrong side of tracks wants a very sexy, very naughty, fem bottom to give me pleasure any way I want it. Send photo and self-description. Seattle area. Drawer #92.

CUTE STRONG SMALL

A little shy, but also aggressive. Fun and serious. Mid-twenties. Want friendship and to see if there's a spark. Philly area. Drawer #77.

CHICAGO LESBIAN

Handsomely beautiful, 30, butch—5'7", Green eyes, athletic build, native Chicagoan, financially secure, is available for escorting any visiting or relocating bisexuals or lesbians around beautiful Chicago. Can be strictly fun, business or pleasure. Possibilities are limitless. No fees—Enjoy meeting new women and sharing "gay Chicago". Please send dates of visit and description, desires, etc. Photo when possible. Phone conference to follow up. Drawer #57.

BEHIND THE GREEN DOOR

I am an extremely feminine, very attractive bodybuilder who shares a fantasy with my lover. She wants to watch me be tied down and held captive against my will while one or more feminine women dominate me. Mild S/M, B/D, consensual rape fantasy. Maryland, D.C., Penn., NY, and surrounding areas. Drawer #68.

HOUSTON, TEXAS

Attractive soft butch, 33, blond hair, blue eyes, 5'9", 160 lbs, sensitive, responsible top wants, sensual bottom for spankings and bondage. Also good with "little girls" (of all legal ages) who will be examined, possible shaves, and spanked. Will help with your fantasies! Will call you collect for phone sex. Photo or self-description desired. Discretion wanted and given. Drawer #94.

STRONG FEMME

Attractive, intelligent, feminine entrepeneur seeks partner, friend and lover. I'm 28, German/Mexican American, open to meeting women of all ages and races. No butches. Chicago area. Drawer #99.

SENSUOUS ROMANTIC

Artistic, intimate U.C.L.A. woman looking for hot summer romance in San Francisco. I'm 5'7", pleasingly androgenous femme. Let's see the sights, have adventures. No S/M. Drawer #95.

CULTURED COMPANION

Attractive, stylish, gay woman seeks same for friendship or poss. relationship. Enjoy theater, elegant evenings with the conversation sparkling more than the champagne. No drugs. Drawer #101.

TIT FOR TONGUE

Mouth belonging to 5' attractive androgynic seeks assorted anatomical parts to play with belonging to a philosophical, humour-filled mind. I love mutual clitoral, vaginal, anal, digital sex and outlining with my lips the geography of a woman's body. Write for a magical map course to cerebral-libidal ecstacy. Drawer #104.

STRONG GENTLE LESBIAN

Seeks intelligent, strong, centered, lovers. I am artistic, educated, sensual, playful and appreciative of uniqueness. If you seek tenderness, sexual intimacy and potential friendship, take a chance. We might have a lot to offer each other. Not into S/M, drink, drugs, cigarettes, or roles. Seattle Area. Drawer #102.

LET'S HAVE FUN

Lesbian Couple, gentle, both 35, seeks other couples interested in getting together for intimate times and/or sex. Not into S/M, pain, butch/fem roles. Clean and slim a must. Lesbians only. Illinois area. Drawer #103.

HOT NIGHTS AND ROWDY ROMPS

Seeking very unhibited and nasty lesbians. Women of color especially encouraged. I prefer fems who can take it as well as give it. You must be clean and sober. I am a very attractive chicana dyke. I am fat and you are not fat-phobic. I am hot and passionate—so are you. You prefer women who are independent and worship only themselves. Assume your position and write me immediately! Drawer #105.

CUTE AFFECTIONATE, FORTY

GWF, slim, sexually liberated, looking for sex, friendship, or whatever. No overweight. Let's explore our fantasies with open minds. Photo appreciated. Drawer #69. New York area.

HOT LESBIAN

I masturbate to erotica. I like menstrual sex, dildos, and fisting. Especially love anal sex. Attracted to virgins, women who do not shave, small tits, and bodybuilders. All women! Drawer #93.

DESPERATE DYKE

I'm on my knees. Surely there are women of power and trust in Tidewater, VA. I want a relationship complete with hot sex. Willing to explore and expand limits. Drawer #96.

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